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Elizabeth Laurence Thompson

FOOD FOR THE YOUNG,

Ella Ridley

ADAPTED TO THE

MENTAL CAPACITIES

OF

CHILDREN OF TENDER YEARS.

BY A MOTHER.

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PREFACE.

THESE little compositions were formed at a time when the purchase of the many valuable books we enjoy for Children was not convenient to the Authoress. Her Children were anxious for information: she therefore endeavoured to gratify their wishes by simplifying, and reducing to the capacities of Children of six and seven years old, many interesting relations, extracted from the works of our most intelligent Travellers. To a numerous young family they have afforded entertainment, and led to observation.

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FOOD FOR THE YOUNG, &c.

RATIONAL INQUIRIES.

One day a gentleman dined with Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, who had lately returned from America.

Frederic and Lucy were much amused with the accounts this gentleman gave of several productions and animals he had seen in America. He talked much about beavers; but, as Frederic and his sister were quite unacquainted with this curious animal, they could not clearly understand all they heard; and presently after, the conversation changing, they left the room and went into the garden.—"Brother," said Lucy, as they walked along, "mamma has often told us that America is one of the four quarters of the world. I wonder she has never shewed us whereabouts it is on the map: I should like vastly to know more about a place which produces such wonderful things as papa's visitor talked about to-day. —"Indeed," replied Frederic, "I should like to know more about them as much as you; and I think, if we see mamma not busy this evening, we had better ask her to tell us about them. You know she desired us always to ask her to explain what we could not understand. But, Lucy, I think we might go and look at the map ourselves: mamma hung it in the back parlour on purpose that we may look at it whenever we have a mind."—"Oh!

I had forgot that," cried Lucy, turning immediately round towards the house. They had not looked at the map three minutes before they found out America,—it forming so large a part of the world, and being separated from Europe, Asia, and Africa, by immense seas. They also observed that America itself was divided into two parts, North America and South America; and they saw that the West Indies (from whence they knew sugar, coffee, and many other things came,) were very near America.

As their papa and mamma were still engaged with their visitor, Frederic and Lucy amused themselves with tracing, on the map, the course of some of the largest rivers. They recollected their papa and mamma telling them that the highest mountains, the largest rivers, and the most extensive forests, in the world, were all in America. While they were thus employed, little William came running in, to beg his brother would go into the yard and teach him to spin a new top, which his papa had given him. Frederic, who was always kind and obliging to his brother, instantly left the map to go with him; and Lucy, seeing that William's whip wanted a new string, went up stairs to seek one in the nursery. This kindness made William quite happy; and, while he and Frederic were spinning the top, Lucy went into the garden to gather some fresh flowers to dress the bough-pots.

In the evening, their mamma, being quite at liberty, readily complied with Frederic and Lucy's request, and read to them the following account of the beaver.

THE BEAVER.

THIS animal inhabits North America, Europe, and Asia; was once common in Britain, particularly in Wales, where there are pools or lakes which still retain, in the Welsh language, the name of Beaver-pool. But it is in the large uncultivated countries of North America that beavers are found in the greatest perfection and number: these regions being thinly peopled, they are more secure from the attacks of men; and there, only, they build those extraordinary dwellings which are the wonder and admiration of all beholders. In the middle of summer the beavers assemble, two or three hundred in number on the banks of some water: if the water be still, as in a lake, they have no trouble but that of building their habitations; but in a river, where the water rises and falls with the tide, they, with incredible labour, construct a bank, by which artifice to form a pond, which will always remain at the same height. This bank is often from 80 to 100 feet in length, and generally made in shallow waters. To form it, they cut down large trees, by gnawing them with their fore-teeth, which are very sharp, and admirably adapted for such service. They next clear off all the branches in the same manner, and then convey the trunks to the water: the branches they cut and dress into stakes, drag them into the water, and there place them perpendicularly in holes, previously prepared in the mud at the bottom of the river, by another party of these industrious animals. While placing the stakes, other beavers bring quantities of earth, and throw in between the piles to fill up the interstices; and thus a broad dike or causeway is made. Upon this are built their houses or cabins, sometimes consisting of two or three stories, and roofed in a circular form, like the arched handle of a basket. They are built with amazing solidity, and impenetrable to wind or rain: the partitions are plastered with a kind of stucco, made of clay and dry grass, which is laid on very neatly, the animal using his tail, as a mason does his trowel, to smooth his work perfectly. The floors are kept beautifully clean, and covered with branches of box or twigs of fir, which seem to serve as carpets: these cabins are made light and airy by holes answering as windows: these windows are sufficiently raised to prevent them being closed up with ice, which, in the climate the beaver inhabits, is often two or three feet thick. When danger approaches, they acquaint one another by striking their tails on the surface of the water, making a noise loud enough to be heard through all their habitations. The tail of the beaver is a foot long, an inch thick, and five or six inches broad, covered with scales, and a skin perfectly similar to those of large fish. For their provisions during the winter they lay up large quantities of wood and bark, but occasionally return to the woods for fresh bark and tender branches. Their store of wood is not carelessly heaped together, but regularly piled like the deals in a timber-yard; the lowermost, which they draw out first, resting in water, they preferring it so steeped. Thus they live until spring induces them to return to the country; but, even then, they frequently revisit their habitations, examine their state, and, if in the least injured by any accident, repair it with the nicest skill and diligence. They again take to this abode as winter approaches, and, if not molested by the hunters, will continue thus moving to and from the same place several seasons.

The hunters attack the beaver in winter, when the fur is most valuable, from its increased thickness: they either catch them in traps, or shoot them while at work. Many thousand skins are yearly sent from North America to England for our hat manufactories; but we also receive a considerable number from

Russia. From the beaver we likewise obtain an oily substance called *castor*, which is used in medicine as an antidote to poison.

There are two other species of beavers, one called the terrier beaver, which prefers living solitarily; and, instead of constructing cabins, forms only holes in the banks of rivers for its dwelling. The other is the beaver of Chili, in South America, which inhabits the deepest parts of the lakes and rivers of Chili, and feeds principally on fish; and, like the common beaver, is covered with two sorts of hair, one short, the other long. This hair is wrought into a kind of cloth as soft as velvet, as well as manufactured for hats.

PASSING TIME AGREEABLY.

Mrs. Johnson frequently spent part of the fine summer afternoons in the garden, thinking it not only much pleasanter in the open air, but also much better, both for her own health and the health of her children. The garden was not large, and Mrs. Johnson preferred having the chief part of it laid out in grass and gravel, that the children might enjoy in it active diversions. Adjoining the wall and hedges, which separated it from other people's property, were the flower-beds, which Frederic and his sister were so fond of adorning. The little arbour at the highest end of the garden had a pretty circular chair, and a table in front, which was useful on many happy occasions; for, as this garden was too small to produce fruit, fruit was rather a rarity to the children; and, when their kind mamma treated them with any, or their friends, who had large gardens, sent them presents, this was the happy place of enjoyment: here the pleasing refreshment was set on the little table; and, while the cheerful party were partaking the treat, their mamma often added to its enjoyment, by relating some agreeable tale, or reading some entertaining story.

It happened on one of these delightful afternoons, when they were regaling on some nice fruit, milk, and biscuits, Lucy's enjoyment was suddenly interrupted by a smart pain in her tooth, occasioned by a stone in the fruit, which she did not observe. Though the pain presently went off, she was obliged to sit still, not daring to taste the fruit again, lest the pain should be renewed. Her brother pitied her very much, and her mamma thought it not a little hard she should thus be deprived of her share of the treat: she soothingly endeavoured to divert her daughter's attention, by reading a little extract she had made the day before from a book she had been reading, judging it would at the same time prove both an agreeable and instructive lesson. The children thanked her earnestly: the extract was as follows—

"I feel for you very much, my dear Charles. I know the toothache to be a most tormenting complaint," said an affectionate mother to her little son, who sat by the fire suffering great pain from a decayed tooth. "I wish, (continued she;)

I could get any thing to relieve you. I know nothing will effectually remove the pain but drawing the tooth, and to-day the dentist is from home.—What can I do to amuse you? You cannot play at any game, because motion hurts you, and I must not talk to you, for you could not reply or ask me a question without suffering additional pain; but I think I can please you by giving you a book, which will amuse you, while at the same time you can sit quite still by the fire."

The lady went to her book-case, and took down a volume of Captain Cook's Voyages. Charles smiled with delight when he saw his mamma hand him a book he had long wished to read, and, though it was painful to him to speak, he thanked her affectionately for such kind attention, and eagerly began to explore the contents. The entertaining and instructive accounts of this enterprising voyager, whose route Charles had often traced on the map, so much delighted him, and engaged his thoughts, that he scarcely felt the pain in his tooth, which yet obliged him sometimes to lay aside his book, to hold in his mouth a medicine his mamma had given him, in hopes of its affording temporary ease. Bed-time approached, and Charles could scarcely believe it was so late. His kind mamma had provided him some gruel, and he went to bed at his usual hour. The pain continuing, prevented him immediately sleeping. He had now no book, and all was darkness, but he found amusement from thinking upon what he had read, until, overpowered by drowsiness, he sunk into a sound sleep. In the morning his papa went to his bed-side to enquire how he did, and found him with a face much swelled, but without any pain. Instead of dwelling on what he had suffered, Charles began expatiating on the pleasure he had derived from last night's reading.

"You find then, my dear boy, the value of being early taught to read: had you been without this resource, your grievance would have been greatly aggravated by the tediousness of hours lengthened by pain, which you were without the power of alleviating; you also find, from experience, the value of sympathy! had your mamma not felt for your suffering, she would not have been so anxious to relieve you. Remember, my dear boy, true benevolence consists in compassionating others, and in studying how to make our compassion useful. For this there are many ways, besides giving money: the demands for our sympathy are much more frequent than those on our purse; and it is always in our power to feel for the unfortunate, though not always to bestow pecuniary aid."

Charles felt the full force of what his father said: and, when he kissed his mamma, joined gratitude to affection, and determined to do all in his power to alleviate the distresses of his fellow creatures. Charles' tooth was taken out in the afternoon: he submitted to the operation very patiently, for he knew, if he did not, he would be always subject to returns of pain whenever he got cold.

CONVERSATION.

When Mrs. Johnson had concluded reading, she explained to her children the meaning of such words as they did not quite comprehend; but Lucy said, she still could not see how children had it in their power to assist in relieving the distresses of their fellow creatures. "My dear, (replied her mamma,) children who have the happiness of being early instructed in what benevolence consists, may find many ways of putting it in practice: for instance, they will always be ready to do any little acts of kindness to the servants of their father's family, and perhaps assist their older friends in making the lighter articles of dress for the poor. I have seen some little girls more happy while making caps for a poor woman, whose sight was so weak she could not see to sew, than if they had been working for their dolls. I also knew a little girl whose kindness of heart led her to part with any eatable she was fond of to those who stood in need. I remember once taking her to walk on a very cold day: we were detained long past her usual dinner-hour, and, thinking she must be hungry, I bought her some biscuits, and wished her to eat them all, but this she declined,—I dare say, with the intention of sharing them, on her return, with her brothers and sisters. It was market-day, and the streets we had to pass were so crowded, I was obliged to let go her hand, that we might get singly through the people. I observed near us, a very poor old man, who held out his hat for charity; when my little companion, on thinking I did not notice, slipped aside, and dropped the remaining biscuits into his hat! I determined she should have the whole merit of the action, and therefore took no notice of it till some time after, when I found she never named it. I told her I highly approved such conduct; but the approbation of her own conscience would be a much higher satisfaction than my commendation.

" There is yet another way in which children may shew their benevolence. When their clothes are too much worn, or are become too little for their wear, how acceptable may they be to poor children, who are very destitute of clothing. Now a good child will consider this, and not carelessly destroy old clothing, because it is no longer to be worn by themselves: they may play as actively as they please, and, should they accidentally tear or dirty their things, I would make all due allowance; but wanton mischief hurts me exceedingly. I once reproved a little girl for pulling an old straw-bonnet to shreds, because she was no longer to wear it: she never considered how many poor children would be thankful to receive it. Another girl, whose stuff-gown was very good, only she had grown from it, I saw carrying half bricks, which not only dirtied, but by their weight tore it in front. 'Oh, never mind, (cried she,) I am to have a new one on at dinner. I am never to wear this any more, I do not care what becomes of it!' Now, as a contrast to these thoughtless children, who had never been properly instructed, I knew a large family, who were taught to recollect how useful cast-off clothes would be to the poor. Objects were pointed out, and they were always allowed to give their clothes themselves; and, although extremely lively, I have observed this pleasure operate as a stimulus for keeping their clothes from abuse. They were also taught to save every slip of cloth they made, and, though far from being restrained from making shreds when working for their dolls, they readily followed their mamma's example in gathering up the shreds and putting them into a large basket, which stood always ready to receive them. The contents of this basket was most gratefully received by an old woman, who was past work: she sold the rags for two-pence a pound to people who collect them for making paper. Thus the simple shreds became useful two ways."

CEYLON.

Mr. Selby's visits were renewed in a few days: and, as all his friends, both young and old, delighted to hear the relation of his adventures, he one evening entertained them with an account of the pearl-fishery in the Island of Ceylon:—"When I quitted (said he,) the continent of India, I proceeded immediately to the Island of Ceylon. As we approached the shores, our noses were disgusted by a most disagreeable smell, for which we could not account, as the country on the island presents to the eye a most beautiful verdure, and the fine groves of cocoa-nut trees extend in every direction: the refreshing green of the fields was the more pleasing to me, who had for some time past been fatigued by the glare of the white sand which edges the coast of the continent. The beauty of the rural scenery, however, soon gave place to a very different prospect, as we rounded a point of the island and made for the bay of Condatchy.—It was the season of the *Pearl-fishing;* and the shore was crowded by hundreds of human beings of every Indian tribe, and with Europeans of different countries. Tents and huts were erected on the sand, with a booth before each, at which pearl-dealers were busily employed buying, selling, weighing, numbering, drilling, and dressing the pearls. As I was eager to acquaint myself with the manner of obtaining the pearls, I spent some time, after we landed, in noticing all the proceedings.

"I was told that the oysters that produce the pearl lie on several banks of sand about this celebrated bay. The manner of diving for them is highly curious:—The boats are large enough to contain twenty men; ten of whom row, the other ten are divers, who go into the sea five at a time: when they come up, the other five take their turn. The divers tie large stones to themselves to quicken their descent: with one hand the person who is going down grasps the rope that supports him, and, with his toes, holds a bag of net-work, in which to put the oysters. When he is at the bottom of the water, he hangs the bag to his neck, and begins to fill it as quickly as possible; then giving the rope a pull, his companions in the boat draw him up, and the other divers in the mean time descend. By thus alternately descending and ascending, they soon obtain a boat-load of oysters.

"The occupation of diving (which means descending into the water,) is, in some respects, highly dangerous. The longest time the most expert diver can remain under water is six minutes: the usual time is two minutes; the suspension of the breath for a longer time frequently causing the blood to gush from the nostrils. But the greatest danger arises from the sharks, which frequent these seas, and whose bite is so dreadful, it is no wonder they are the terror of the people. Whilst I was looking on, a poor diver was drawn up to the boat in a shocking state: one of these voracious animals had caught his leg, and at one bite carried it off! This event struck such terror into the men, that the day's diving was immediately ended."

The children shuddered with horror and surprise, and, with all the eagerness of curiosity and humanity, expressed their pity, and at the same time their desire of being further informed about such a dreadful creature. Their mamma told them, that, according to her former agreement, she would explain every thing to them more fully when Mr. Selby had concluded his narrative. Mr. Selby, pleased with observing their desire for knowledge, told them, he would himself, next day, give them some account of the wonderful productions of Ceylon, which is an island celebrated for its luxuriance both in animal and vegetable productions. Pleased with this kind attention to their wishes, the children were almost clamorous with their thanks; and little William placed himself on Mr. Selby's knee, as the most convenient situation for watching every turn of his countenance.

"Well," said Mr. Selby, "we have got the oysters, but we have not yet got the pearls. Perhaps," continued he, (taking hold of Mrs. Johnson's hand,) "you never thought these pretty ornaments on your mamma's ring were produced by an oyster, and obtained with such labour and hazard of life!" "It is," observed Mrs. Johnson, "this difficulty in obtaining them, that adds to their value; were we only to judge by appearance, the necklace you see me sometimes wear, which is made of a composition to imitate real pearl, would altogether answer as well for ornament."—"Oh, mamma," exclaimed Lucy, "I shall long now to hear all about silver, and gold, and diamonds, and those pretty red stones you showed me one day on your bracelet-clasps; for I suppose their history will all be as entertaining as the pearls." "Indeed, you are right, my dear; when we examine the productions of Nature, we are rewarded for the search by the most rational pleasure: depend upon it, Lucy, in teaching you to read, I bestow upon you a most valuable gift; and, when you are well acquainted with your own language, and begin to learn others, the sources of enjoyment will increase by opening to you more extensive subjects of inquiry and information.—But we interrupt our friend."

"When the boats are full of oysters," continued Mr. Selby, "the oysters are placed in pits, dug for the purpose, about half a yard deep, lined with mats, to prevent any of the pearls being lost: there the oysters remain until the animal substance entirely decays, and the shell becomes dry and easy to open, without hazard of injuring the pearl. It is this state of decay that occasions the intolerable stench that annoyed us so much, as we approached the island. The merchants are very liable to lose some of the pearls, by the thievishness of the people employed in the boats, who narrowly watch the oysters, and, if they see one gape, will prevent it closing its shell by slipping in a bit of wood or tuft of grass, until they find a convenient opportunity of extracting the pearl. To prevent such dishonest practices, great care and attention is required on the part of the merchant.

" While I stood contemplating this busy scene, I could not help pitying these poor people, who, knowing nothing of true religion, submit themselves to strange fanatical persons, who are their priests, and who pretend to have their preservation much in their power. If one of these priests can be prevailed upon to remain in their boat during the fishing, the divers think they will be perfectly safe from the attacks of sharks, or any other danger. The pearls, when completely dressed, are white and very beautiful, and much esteemed in Europe; but in India they prefer the yellow pearls, which are found on the Arabian coast.

" I think I have now told you all you can at present understand about these dearly-bought ornaments; and to-morrow I will give you a further account of the Island of Ceylon."

SHARKS.

"Now for the shark! mamma; you know you promised to give us an account of those dreadful fishes." "I will, indeed, my dear, with pleasure (replied Mrs. Johnson). Sharks are truly most formidable enemies to mankind, and would be more so, did not the element in which they live render their meeting rare and accidental. There are several species or kinds of sharks, some are harmless, and found to frequent the neighbourhood of our own shores, on the west coast: they are known by the name of Basking Sharks, from their habit of lying on the surface of the water, seemingly to enjoy the warm sun-shine. They are very lively and tame, and will allow themselves to be stroked; but the more dreadful kinds, which are common in the great seas, are extremely fierce, and so fond of human flesh, that it is said they will swim near the edge of the water if they perceive a person walking on the shore. The largest of the shark tribe are prodigious creatures, with throats so wide, they can swallow a man whole: from this it is conjectured, the fish that swallowed Jonah was rather a shark than a whale; as a whale has a very small throat, although so enormously large a creature. The mouth of the shark is extremely curious: it is furnished with six rows of teeth, very sharp and terrible. These teeth are triangular or three-sided, and notched like a saw, which renders their bite peculiarly dreadful! the teeth lie flat when the mouth is shut, but instantly rise when it is opened. The shark strikes violently with his tail; and, to avoid the danger incurred by the exertion of this power, as soon as a shark is caught, the people anxiously make it their first concern to chop off the tail with an axe. We have yet another singular species of shark, I believe seldom seen, called the Hammer-head, from its head exactly resembling that of a hammer. I will some day show you the picture of one: their eyes are placed at each end, as it were, of the hammer, and the middle is so sharp that it can cut other fish as the shark swims."

"Mamma," said Lucy, (perceiving her mamma was done speaking,) "you said the sharks lived in an element that prevented them doing much mischief, because people did not often get in their way. What do you mean by an element? do they not always live in water?"—"My dear child, grown people, when talking to children, often make use of terms, or words, which children do not know the meaning of, and I highly commend your always asking an explanation of me. We are every where surrounded by four articles, which, being necessary to the formation of every thing else, are called elements, or simple substances, from which every variety in nature is composed: these four are Earth, Fire, Air, and Water."

"That is very odd, mamma; how can all the things I see be made of fire or water, earth or air? Why, I see no water in this table! Nay, now, mamma, you must be jesting: I am sure there is neither fire nor water, earth nor air, in the books lying here!"—"Do not be so hasty in your conclusions, my dear Lucy;

I really am not jesting; but the truth is here so wonderful, I am not at all surprised at your astonishment. Recollect, this table (that is, the wood,) was once a magnificent tree; what did this tree arise from, and how was it nourished into growth? You have seen an acorn? Well then, did you ever reflect that this acorn might increase, and become a large and spreading tree? How is this accomplished?"—"Why, certainly, it must be put into the ground," replied Lucy. "Well then, how is it there nourished?"—Lucy was silent.—She had often admired the size and beauty of the oak, and she knew some of its uses, but she had never reflected on the wonder of its growth: she saw neither fire, earth, air, nor water, about it.

"We will then trace the progress of its growth. The acorn, being planted in the ground, is first swelled by the moisture of the earth, then it puts forth shoots, which soon spring above the ground: rain is then necessary to supply it with proper juices,—here we have water: warmth from the sun is also necessary,—thus we add fire; and, without air, it would not thrive at all. Now, do you not perceive how the oak requires these four elements, or first things, to form it into a tree? and this tree may be reduced entirely into earth by being burnt to ashes. But you think the books are not reducible to these four elements: well, we will try. The leaves are paper; paper is made from rags, rags were once linen-cloth; linen is made of flax, and flax is a plant nourished into growth in the same manner as the oak. The ink used in the printing is, by art, obtained from vegetable and mineral substances; so is the colouring, the gilding, and the varnish which brightens the cover.

All this is highly curious; yet this is a slight view of what is wonderful in nature. I wish you to search, to find, and to learn yourself. I may not be permitted to remain always your guide, and other people, perhaps, will not have leisure or inclination to instruct you. Books will afford inexhaustible sources of information, and information studiously obtained, and modestly brought forth, will aways be likely to receive assistance from those who shew their appreciation of knowledge by the extent of their own learning."

FURTHER ACCOUNT OF CEYLON.

WHEN Mr. Selby returned, a few days after, he renewed the account he had promised to give of Ceylon. "Did you ever see a cocoa-nut, my dears?" enquired their friend. "No, never," replied the children. "Well then, I must in the first place describe to you this valuable fruit. You may remember, I told you the groves of cocoa-nut trees appeared most beautiful on approaching the Ceylonese shores, but their utility exceeds even their beauty: they are serviceable for a variety of purposes. The nut is as large as your head, William, but not of the same shape, being rather long, like an egg it is enclosed, or cased over, with a fibrous thread-like subſtance, which is capable of being woven into ropes; the shell of the nut is lined with a white kernel, very agreeable, somewhat resembling an almond; besides this, it contains a large cup full of a pleasant liquor, commonly called the milk of the cocoa-nut: this cooling liquid is peculiarly refreshing in a hot climate. Thus kindly has Providence provided every country not only with the useful but with the agreeable!

"Wishing to make the most of my time in exploring the productions of this wonderful island, I engaged, as an assistant, a young African, whom I chanced to notice on board a Dutch vessel. The manners and appearance of this young man attracted my attention: good-humour, vivacity, and sense enlivened his black features, and made him quite handsome!" "Handsome!" exclaimed Lucy, "how can a black be handsome? I never saw a black man but once, and I thought him excessively ugly; and was almost frightened at being near him." "I am not at all surprised at that," replied Mr. Selby; "people so different in colour might at first excite in you fear and astonishment. I have witnessed the same feelings produced in a black child, at the sight of white men. I remember, whilst I was in Africa, a little black boy, coming with his mother to the town where I resided, who had never seen any white people: their very different appearance terrified him exceedingly; he was in the greatest dread of their touching him, supposing "*white man must be bad spirit or devil!*" So, you see, my dear, how little foundation we have for such foolish fears. I found my black (whose name was Quacy,) both amiable and intelligent, and was still more interested in his favour when he related to me the extraordinary events which had led to his present situation. He was stolen from his parents when very young: the simplicity of his manner in relating the distressing scene used to affect me much. On a beautiful day, when he was playing with his two little brothers on the sands by the sea-shore, merrily imitating the dances of which the negroes are so excessively fond, two ferocious-looking men rushed from behind a rock, who seized, and instantly covered him with a sack, which totally prevented him seeing what became of his brothers, who had exerted their utmost speed in running, the instant they saw the men dart from their concealment: they were older than Quacy, and could run faster; therefore he supposed they might make their escape: but never, never, did he hear any more of his beloved relations! He was carried to a boat, which was two or three days at sea; and, when they landed, he was conveyed a great distance to another part of the country, and placed as a slave (among many others) to a very barbarous king. There he underwent many hardships. At length the king died; and, according to the cruel customs of that ignorant and savage nation, the greatest part of the monarch's slaves were beheaded and buried with him. Thus they paid dreadfully-mistaken honors to their deceased master!

"The rest of the slaves were given as presents to the chief captains of his army. Quacy was among the surviving number. His new master shortly after gave him to a Dutch captain in exchange for a musket, and some gunpowder. He was tolerably happy on board the Dutch vessel, and made one voyage to Surinam: he did not remain long there, but accompanied his master to Ceylon, from whom I ransomed the boy. When we were alone, Quacy often amused me with recounting what he had seen in Surinam: I may, perhaps, repeat some of these relations to you another opportunity; but now I must return to my own adventures. And, first, I will tell you a laughable way of discovering a thief.

"When I was collecting and arranging what I should take on my journey, I found part of my provisions stolen. I had no hope of discovering what was lost; but my sagacious African, who knew the ignorance and credulity of the Ceylonese, said, 'Top, massera, me tink of de way to find out de teif.' Upon this, he told those we suspected, that I was a great magician, or wise man, who knew what would happen, and that I had foretold, if the thief did not confess in a few minutes, his guilt would be made publicly known by a parrot's feather growing from the tip of his nose. Saying this, we gravely walked off to a little distance, where some trees hid us from view, but where we could watch the motions of the suspected. Presently we observed one man put his finger on his nose: 'Now, now, massera, now is your time,' cried Quacy. Immediately I hastened forward, calling out, I saw the feather beginning to sprout! on which the poor superstitious creature fell at my feet, and confessed all. Thus, by the ingenuity of Quacy, I peaceably recovered my goods.

"As we travelled into the country, I noticed many curious customs and appearances: most of the women we met would have been handsome, had not their noses been laid quite flat to the face. Expressing my surprise at this singular and disfiguring appearance, I was told that, in infancy, they purposely break the gristle of the nose, considering a flat nose a great beauty!—Observe, my dears, how mankind differ in their notions of beauty! Some of the men wore such enormous gold ear-rings, I wondered how they sustained such an unnecessary burthen; but I was again told, they were prepared for what we would think a great inconvenience, by having pieces of wood passed through the ear, in childhood, and gradually enlarged in proportion to their growth.

"On the road we met one of their moodeliers, or great men, walking,—an exercise they rarely take in this country, where all the rich and great are usually carried in a sort of bed, called a *palinquin*, which is stretched on poles, and supported on the shoulders of their attendants. This man of rank was accompanied by various inferiors, occupied in promoting his ease. To shade him from the sun, one bore an umbrella, made of the immensely large leaf of the talipot tree; another carried his gold box, containing betel,—a substance the inhabitants of the East chew as we do tobacco. The box was beautifully wrought in filligree,—a kind of open-work in metal, which these people are peculiarly dexterous and elegant in executing. A third attendant had charge of a book, made of the leaves of the same tree as the umbrella. Having no paper, they cut from the talipot leaf slips, a foot and a half in length, and two inches in breadth, which they smooth and mark with a fine steel pencil, in the Cinglese characters. To make these more distinct, they rub them over with a mixture of charcoal and oil, which, sinking into the marks made by the steel pencil, blacken and render the words more legible: several of these leaves are strung, or tied together, and fastened in thin boards of ivory, highly ornamented.

"We presently after arrived at a cinnamon plantation, which presented a beautiful appearance: it was the season of taking the bark, or outer rind, (the spice we so much esteem,) which is taken off twice in every year. The bark is carefully picked, tied up in large parcels, and every piece tasted by a person appointed so to do, before it is delivered to the merchant. This tasting is not a very pleasant office, for the pungency of the cinnamon produces very painful effects on the skin of the mouth; and the tasters are obliged frequently to chew a piece of bread and butter to diminish the effect. When I had wearied myself with examining this plantation, I went to beg refreshment at a hut, belonging to one of the people employed. There I could not help being greatly struck with the various uses to which the valuable cocoa tree is capable of being applied. The roof of the hut was composed of its leaves, which were fastened by the strong threads which attach the leaves to the tree. The mistress of the hut brought me a very pleasant liquor to drink, in a cup made of the shell of the cocoa nut, which was highly polished, and curiously carved, and edged round with silver. She also presented me with fruit, in a neat little basket made of the smallest leaves; and she shewed me her hanging-bed, mats, brooms, and brushes, all made of the same material.

"Next day we had to pass through a wood;—but such a march! I shall never forget it! I had heard much of the reptiles of hot countries, but never met with any thing equal to the sufferings we endured in traversing this wood. We were first annoyed with a small species of leech, not bigger than a pin, but which gives more torment than I can describe: it is impossible to guard against its attacks. I expected my boots and gloves would have been a sufficient defence; but, to my astonishment and alarm, when I drew them off, I found them filled with blood. Our horses were almost mad with the pain, and kicked and plunged so violently, we were obliged to dismount and make the best of our way on foot, which rendered our progress so slow that we had time enough for observation, especially as we were obliged to be very cautious not to approach too near the nests of the large red ants, who build in the trees, and whose bite is severely painful. We had also to avoid the singular dwellings of the white ants, which they form in a most extraordinary manner, in the shape of a sugar-loaf, nearly as high as this room, and of so firm a substance, they cannot be broken, but by force. Formidable as these ant-hills are from their own inhabitants, they are rendered doubly so, by affording shelter to snakes and scorpions, whose bite is fatal. Sometimes we were obliged to stop among the tangles of the brush-wood, to cut through the webs of an enormous species of spider, whose body is as large as that of a mouse, and its legs four inches in length. Besides the curiosity of these webs, so different in texture to the delicate production of our small spider, they further gratified our curiosity by presenting several beautiful small birds, which they are perfectly formed to catch,—these little elegant creatures being the prey of the Ceylon spiders. In this wood, I was not a little pleased at having an opportunity of seeing one of those immense snakes, of which I had often read. As they are free from poison, if you are not immediately in their way, they are not dangerous. I was examining some very beautiful flowers, that had caught my attention, when I was alarmed by a rustling among the leaves of the more distant bushes, and presently I saw the monster, with slow and solemn trail, glide forth. He seemed about twenty-five feet in length, and as thick as my body: his whole appearance was grand and beautiful."

INVENTIONS.

THE little Johnsons had some visitors one Saturday from a neighbouring boarding-school: they were three young ladies some years older than Lucy, but not at all less inclined to enjoy a day of relaxation—the visit, of course, was a mutual treat. They walked, they sang, they danced, they chatted, and laughed, till they were fairly tired. Mrs. Johnson liked to promote their innocent amusement: she was ever ready to assist in enlarging the enjoyments of youth. The little party heard the summons to tea with pleasure, for they had so wearied themselves, that sitting still and partaking an agreeable refreshment were new delights; but, when tea was over, they recollected, with regret, that they must soon take leave of their kind entertainers. "We must go early," said one of the young ladies, "for we have to look over our lessons before bed-time; we got them partly off before we came here; but, if we do not look at them again, we shall not have them ready for Monday morning."—"What are your lessons, my dears," asked Mrs. Johnson.—"Oh ma'am! we have various lessons for different days; the only lesson we repeat constantly is spelling, and I *am so* tired of spelling!—Our governess says, it is of great consequence, but, for my part, I do not see the use of *fagging* through a score of words every morning—and then, such *little ones too!* We know them all quite well,—if they were long words, indeed, there might be some amusement in them!" "But does your governess assign no reason why she keeps you so strictly to spelling?" again asked Mrs. Johnson.—"Oh yes, ma'am," rejoined another of the young ladies, "*she* tells us, young writers are more apt to mis-spell little words than great ones; for she says, we consider, when we are going to write a long word, how it will look, but we are inclined to spell short ones by their sound, and, indeed, the other day I found she was quite right. When I had to write, from memory, an account of a tour to the Lakes, I spelt so many little words wrong, I had it all to write over again,—so I think it *necessary enough!*" "You are very just in your observation," said Mrs. Johnson, "nothing betrays an ill-educated person more than imperfect spelling; but, as you are great girls, I think you might contrive to make something amusing out of what you consider *dry tasks.* You are fond of making charades, and finding out riddles: would it not be at least an equal amusement for you to try to form the words you have to commit to memory into a little piece of composition? Something of that kind would exercise your ingenuity, and impress on your mind the meaning of the words of your lesson." The girls were delighted with the novelty of the idea. They got a spelling-book, and, after several trials, with a little of Mrs. Johnson's assistance, formed the following little pieces out of their dry tasks.

First Lesson.

"I must not, my dear, *omit* to tell you what did *occur* to me one evening in an *obscure* alley, which has an *oblique* termination. I chanced, before I was aware, to hit my foot against an *object* which did *obtrude* partly across the road: it seemed an altar of *oblong* form, with *obtuse* points. What a prize for an antiquarian! Could I have *obeyed* the dictates of curiosity, I certainly would have inquired into its *occult* history, but the hurry of business did *oppose* my inclination; while for a moment my attention was attracted by the *odour* of some wild flowers, which the dews of evening had sweetly freshened."

Second Lesson.

"Ah! my poor *orphan*, you do not know what is meant by *optic* nerve: it makes part of the eye; but you are too young to comprehend an explanation, yet you would offer an *outrage*, worse than any *pagan* folly, did you not feel very thankful to Him who did *ordain* the blessing of sight. Only think what a wonderful *organ* the eye is! Although it appears so small an *orbit*, it may be called a *packet* of most fine and curious materials. Are you not astonished when you reflect how large a landscape you can view at one glance? The beautiful green of nature refreshes the eyes—brilliant *objects oppress* them. Some painters esteem an *oval* eye a great beauty. Fine paintings are most valuable *ornaments* to a nobleman's *palace*."

Third Lesson.

"So you think the life of a *savage* a *romance*: I assure you it is not a fiction. In the wilds of America, their mode of living excites no more astonishment than is felt here at the *rustic* manners of our *robust* countrymen, who are bred in *rural simplicity* and ignorance. I was once acquainted with an American *savage*, (as you would call him,) and a very amiable character he was: he knew not what *riot* or *scandal* meant, nor ever uttered a *sarcasm* on any of his *sable* companions,—he only tried to *rival* them in the favourite exercise of hunting. His food and his dress were equally *simple*; the former only consisted of a *slight* covering thrown lightly over his *shoulders*, not made of *silk* or *satin*, but of the *skin* of the leopard, and a *sandal* made of the thicker skin of another animal. His *subsistence* was easily obtained from roots and vegetables, such as our *salad*. Some of these herbs are held *sacred* to the gods; for even the wild American has some notion of a Deity.

Note.—These little pieces were really run off after tea, with the hope of exciting ingenuity and attention to what is absolutely necessary: a parent may always give a few hints to assist the puzzled pupil.

MR. SELBY IN CONTINUATION.

"WEARIED with our fatiguing journey, I was delighted when we drew near the bank of a beautiful river, which I immediately proposed crossing on horseback; but this my guide highly disapproved, assuring me the rivers in this island were much infested by alligators, (a smaller species of crocodile, whose attack is invincible;) and, not choosing to run any unnecessary risks, I submitted to his advice, and we traveled on its banks for some time, rejoicing we had escaped the torments of the woods. Presently we espied a great crowd of people, and had soon reason to congratulate ourselves in not venturing into the water; for, on a nearer approach, we found the crowd collected round the carcase of an immense alligator, whose body they were about to open; and, horrible to relate, within it was found the head and arms of a black man, half digested!

"Shocked at this painful discovery, I was about to ride off as fast as I could; but, recollecting I might never again see such an extraordinary creature, I returned to make observations. The alligator was twenty feet in length: its skin was so hard and knotty, a musket-ball had made no impression on it. The people were endeavouring to lift the alligator upon a sort of carriage, (made by fastening two carts together,) which they had hastily formed, for conveying it to Columbo, the chief town in Ceylon; where it would be presented, as a curiosity, to the governor, who would have its skin stuffed, and, probably, transported to England. To the cart were harnessed eight strong bullocks; which, with difficulty, moved this enormous creature.

"We rode on in silence,—a silence resulting from reflecting on the various and extraordinary works of creation; and, perhaps, I was the more influenced to thought, by the notion the people of this country entertain of Ceylon being the first residence of Adam, after his dismission from paradise. This notion is merely founded on their own obscure traditions; yet, the multitude of various animals I had seen since my arrival on the island, forcibly recalled to memory the fine description given by our poet Milton, of the beauty, stateliness, and familiarity of the animals in the garden of Eden.

"About them frisking played
All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all
chase,
In wood or wilderness, forest or den;
Sporting the lion ramp'd, and in his paw
Dandled the kid; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
Gambol'd before them; th' unweildy ele-
phant,
To make them mirth, used all his might,
and wreath'd
His lithe proboscis; close the serpent, sly,
Insinuating, wore with Gordian twine
His braided train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded."

Milton's Verses, 340 and 345.

"We now approached the very lofty mountains, over which extends the Candian dominions. On the highest mountain the king holds his residence; it is very difficult of access, and the natural obstacles of such a situation are yet further encreased by the dislike the Candians have to holding any intercourse with Europeans; nor is this to be wondered at, for Europeans have brought on themselves this disesteem, by not acting with truth towards these original possessors of the country.

"At the foot of the mountains we stopt for refreshment, and there proposed passing the night. As evening advanced, a sudden darkness covered every object, and a most tremendous storm of thunder and lightning came on, accompanied with torrents of rain. The thunder, redoubled by the echoes of the mountains, was most awfully terrific; but my own alarm was suspended at beholding the agonizing distress of the neighbouring inhabitants: all had recourse to incantations, talismans, and every absurdity that fear and superstition could suggest; for these unhappy people imagine the dreadful storms, so frequent here, are produced by evil spirits, whose malignity and power they believe unbounded. With this constant dread upon their minds, they are never happy. We may hope, that the blessed light of Christianity will, at some future period, dispel the darkness of these fearful and degrading superstitions. When we consider the mischiefs they produce, ought we not to thank God for the benefit we have so long enjoyed of superior knowledge, and wish it extended to all our brethren on earth?"

"I have been thinking," said Frederic, when Mr. Selby paused, "that it must be a pleasant thing to travel and see so many curiosities; but the account Mr. Selby gives, makes me think again, it must often be very frightful."—"Very true, my dear, it is so," replied his friend; "but then it is the quality of true courage to overcome fear. There are very many hardships and difficulties to which the traveller is exposed, that demands more true courage of mind than, perhaps, ever was possessed by warriors, whose deeds in battle have gained them the applause of the multitude, and, in history, the title of hero. He who leads his army to the fight, knows all eyes are upon him, and, if he conquers, all will be repaid by what the world calls glory. But he who silently traverses the earth, with the noble design of dispensing knowledge, extending discoveries, and adding to general information and comfort, cannot be too highly esteemed. Such men were Cook, Bruce, Ledyard, Mungo Parke, and many more I could mention, and, above all, our never-to-be-forgotten Howard;—

"Who, as an angel all serene, went forth
To still the raging tempest of the north."
Bowles.

"Oh, how I long to read all about these good travellers," cried Lucy. "Will you, mamma, let us have their books?"—"With the greatest pleasure, my dear, but we will wait till you learn geography, and then we shall, with greater advantage, join the works of these travellers, when we are tracing on the globe the countries they describe; and now, my dears, reflect on the inestimable privilege we enjoy in the art of printing, which places all these extraordinary relations within our reach."—"But, before people found out how to print, how did they do?"—"They were obliged to copy in writing, which was exceedingly tedious, and made such writings very scarce; besides, as there were no books, few people could read: therefore it is no wonder even those of rank were so ignorant."

CONCLUSION.

ONE very rainy Sunday, as the children had colds, they did not go out; and, towards evening, they became listless, and wished for bedtime. Mrs. Johnson, observing their weariness, was anxious to divert it by drawing their attention to objects of reflection. "Lucy, my dear," said she, "have you ever considered what extraordinary labour is required to furnish this simple room?" "No, mamma; you bought all the things in the shops, did you not? —I should not think that much trouble, for I am sure the shops are very pretty: I like to look at all the pretty things much."—"And so do I, my dear; it is very entertaining to examine every ingenious performance; but that is not all I mean. I wish to call your attention to the productions of nature, altered by art in so many various ways, that we hardly can trace their original. I suppose you know the carpet is made of the wool of the sheep?"—"To be sure, mamma." "But, then, think on the art of the dyer, the discovery of the colouring materials, and the knowledge of mixing these so as to be clear and lasting; besides the ingenuity displayed in weaving the carpet into such a beautiful pattern."—"Oh, I never thought of that. Where, mamma, do they get the dying things?"—"I cannot tell you all, at present, my dear; I only wish to shew you how many things are daily within our notice which we neglect to observe: these chairs, for instance, of what are they made?"—"Of mahogany."—"And where does mahogany grow? We bring it from an immense distance,—from Honduras, on the eastern side of North America. Look at that large table, and consider what a noble tree it must have been; what labour to fell such hard wood; over what immense seas it has been transported; and what dexterity is displayed in our own country, in cutting, forming, and polishing furniture.—Then, here are the fire-irons: who, that was ignorant, would ever suppose, so beautifully bright as they are, they were obtained from a dirty stone-like substance, dug out of deep pits."—"Were they, indeed, mamma? And was this pretty yellow wire of the fender, also found in the pits?"—"Yes, my dear, but not in its present state. You know it is called brass, and brass is formed by uniting two different metals together: all metals are found in the earth; usually, very deep. The manner of working mines, purifying minerals by fire, and then forming and applying them to all their various uses, will be a most delightful amusement to you hereafter.

"What a pleasing effect is produced by these clean painted white doors: the white paint is made of metal—that same dull-looking metal of which spouts are made, and the church is covered with. By a peculiar process, it is converted into a white powder, used for white paint: this white powder may also be changed, by extreme heat, into a most brilliant red."—"Well, this is very curious," exclaimed Lucy, "I wish, mamma, we could see these things; how very entertaining it would be."—"You shall, my dear, enjoy the benefit soon; and I will also take you to a glass-house, where you will see a few dirty common-looking substances changed, by violent heat, into glass; one of the most useful of all inventions. Glass, with a slight metallic coating on one side, forms these beautiful mirrors, or looking-glasses; so called, because, when we look at them, we see our own image reflected: this is, perhaps, one of its least valuable uses. Glass supplies many other elegancies, such as ornaments of every kind, imitations of precious stones, various contrivances for holding lights, and beautiful drinking-vessels, at once clean and elegant. Its most valuable uses are in its magnifying powers, which assist the sight of the aged, as you see daily, in the use of spectacles. You have also seen a microscope, which discovers to you the smallest parts of an insect or a flower; in short, every thing that is too delicate for the eye to find without this excellent assistance. Telescopes, in like manner, (only having larger and more powerful glasses) shew distant objects very distinctly, which is of great consequence at sea, and enables us to observe the wonders of the stars. Lastly, this elegant clear substance at once keeps out the cold and storms of winter, and allows us to enjoy all the varieties of prospect in every season, not only in our houses but in our carriages. But when, by reading, you find how poor are the substitutes for glass in countries where the art of making it is not known, you will be more sensible of its value."

Here the servant interrupted Mrs. Johnson, by informing her that tea was ready, and Mr. Johnson waiting. "Oh dear," exclaimed Lucy, "I did not think it was so late."—"An hour ago, my dear, you wished for bed-time."—"Well, mamma, but then I was tired."—"And why, my dear, are you not still tired,—shall I tell you? because your mind has been employed: either our minds or our bodies must be actively employed, or we cannot be happy. I am always sorry when I hear people exclaim they have nothing to do, or nothing new to read: the industrious will always find work; and the love of knowledge, employment for the mind. Ever remember, my dears, that the sources of knowledge are inexhaustible."

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

THE TEA-SHRUB.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson had three children, Frederic, Lucy, and William. Frederic and Lucy could read a little, but not without their papa or mamma overlooking and instructing them: William was a very little fellow, and could only read very little words; but he liked much to listen, when his papa and mamma were explaining to his brother and sister what they could not understand, in the books they read, or the plants and animals they saw: he took a great deal of pains to learn; and used every day to say he hoped soon to be able to read such great books as papa and mamma read, that he might know as many useful and pleasant stories as they did. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson had great pleasure in telling their children all that they knew themselves; because Frederic and Lucy took great care to remember what they were told; and when they saw any lions, tigers, or any other uncommon animal, or any curious plants, would endeavour to recollect all they had been told about them.

One morning, when Mrs. Johnson was going to make tea for breakfast, she accidentally let the tea-chest slip from her hand, and a great quantity of the tea was scattered upon the table-cloth: all the children were standing round the table, breakfasting on bread and milk; they eagerly offered to assist their mamma in gathering up the scattered tea, and returning it to the tea-chest:—while so doing, Lucy observed, how very different tea in the tea-chest appeared from the leaves which were spread out by the hot water in the tea-pot; and she requested her mamma would be so good as to inform her, how the tea was made to look so dry;—"for I think, mamma," said she, "you have told me, that tea comes from a shrub; and, if it is the leaves of a shrub, how is it made to look so dry and twisted?" "I will tell you, my dear," replied her mother: "The leaves of the tea-shrub are, when first gathered, (that is, picked off the shrub,) put into large flat iron pans, and heated over a fire, until they become quite hot: they are then thrown out upon mats; and people, who stand ready for the employment, roll the hot leaves between the palms of their hands, until they become quite dry and curled, as you see them. —"Mamma," said Frederic, "do tea-shrubs grow in England? I never saw one in all the gardens I ever was in!" "No, my dear, tea does not grow in England: it grows in China and Japan, countries very distant from ours; and it is brought to us in ships. The gathering tea-leaves forms a great part of the employment of the poor people of these countries; for the leaves are taken from the shrubs four times in the year; and these leaves must not be hastily pulled off the tree, but plucked off one by one, with much care: children learn to do this; and had you been born in China or Japan, instead of England, you, probably, would all have been little tea-pickers. The children smiled at this idea, and little William asked what kind of leaf a tea-leaf was? "When the leaves are allowed to grow a long time, William, they very much resemble the leaves of a cherry-tree; but, when they are pulled young, they are more like the leaves of the spindle-tree, an English shrub, which I will shew you when we walk in the country. "But, mamma," said Lucy, "I have seen you take out different tea when you were going to have company." "Yes, my dear, that tea is finer tasted, and more expensive than what I use daily. The younger the leaves, the finer or more pleasant the tea; but, then you know, as there must be a much smaller quantity of tea produced from leaves not arrived at their full size, so this tea is sold at a higher price than that which is gathered when the leaves are full grown and more plentiful. In Japan they use their tea differently from our manner. Instead of pouring boiling water upon it, in a tea-pot, they grind the tea, as we do coffee, into a fine powder, and then mix this powder with hot water, until it becomes like a thin syrup: this is called thick tea."

Breakfast being now done, Mrs. Johnson told her children she had letters to write, and desired them to go into the garden. They obeyed her immediately.

THE LARK'S NEST.

When Mrs. Johnson had finished writing, she called her children to walk with her in the country: they were very glad, for they all delighted in gathering wild flowers; and, when little William was not of the party, (for he was too young to take long walks without being tired,) Frederic and Lucy always brought him a large nosegay of wild pinks or roses. The morning was beautiful, the sun shone bright, and the sprightly notes of the lark, as she ascended high in the air, increased the lively gaiety of the children. In the excess of their delight, they bounded over the meadows; and sometimes they stopped to listen to the music of the lark, and admire the height of her flight. While running across a large field,

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THE LARK'S NEST.

Food for the Young, page 83.

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they suddenly stopped on observing a bird, which they supposed a lark, rise from the ground, and, presently, fly so high as scarcely to be discerned. Frederic advised Lucy to tread very carefully, as it was probable the lark had a nest on the ground: he had seen a lark's nest, but Lucy had not: and, when her brother told her that larks made their nests on the ground, she was greatly surprised; for she had always imagined every bird made its nest either in a tree or a hedge. She stepped very softly, with her body almost double; so fearful was she of not finding the nest. Presently she saw another bird fly from the ground, just at her brother's foot, who, at that moment, cried out, "I have found it, I have found it! one,—two,—three,—four,—beautiful little birds!"—Lucy crept forward, and then knelt down, to the nest, and saw, as Frederic had counted, four pretty little birds, covered with yellow down, and stretching up their little gaping bills, as though they expected food. Just at the time they were kneeling at the nest, their mamma came up, and asked what excited their attention. The children shewed her the nest, and she immediately joined in their admiration of it, and its pretty inhabitants. Frederic proposed taking the nest home,—and then, said he, "Lucy and I can take care of the larks," and then we shall hear their sweet singing every day—even, you know, mamma, when it rains, so that we cannot get out."—"But, my dear little boy," replied Mrs. Johnson, "you forget, that, while you are endeavouring to make the young birds happy, you would make the old ones very miserable: even your kindness would be very much misplaced; for you would be doing the greatest injury to these little birds, by taking them from under the care of their father and mother, who, no doubt, were the birds you saw rise from the ground; and who, most likely, are gone in search of food for their young ones; and think, Frederic, what they would suffer when they returned, with their store of provisions, and found the nest, they had taken so much pains to form, and their little ones, all gone! Think what your papa and I should feel, if, when we returned from a journey, we were to find you and your brother and sister taken away; and, in proportion, they would feel as much as we should do,—for God has given to all animals strong affections towards their young."—"Indeed, mamma, I did not think it would have been a cruel action to take the larks, or I would not have offered to do so. I have often, when we have been walking, seen boys seeking birds' nests; and I did not know it was wrong."—"I believe you, my dear; I know you would not intentionally be cruel."—"No, indeed, mamma, I would not be cruel," said Frederic, the tears starting from his eyes.—"As for those boys," continued Mrs. Johnson, "whom you saw robbing birds' nests, perhaps they are more to be pitied for their ignorance than blamed for their cruelty; for probably nobody told them how cruel it is to rob birds of their young, or their eggs. You see you were yourself just going to commit a cruel action from want of consideration: I am always grieved when I see children whose friends do not take pains to teach them humanity. But now, my dears, I tell you what we will do. Every fine morning we will walk to this field, and you shall bring crumbs of bread, and lay them by the nest: in time, the little birds will learn to know you; probably the parent birds will also. You can watch the growth of the young ones, and, when they are old enough to trust to their own strength, they will leave the nest, and then you may take it up and carry it home, to examine how curiously it is made. Frederic and Lucy were delighted at this permission; and Lucy said, she thought she had taken so much notice of the young birds, that she thought she could draw a picture of them, when she got home. Her mamma vastly approved of Lucy's intention of endeavouring to delineate the birds, saying, she was always much pleased when her children tried to draw things for themselves, and were not, like some silly children, constantly teasing their friends to draw them pictures.

THE VISITOR.

When dinner was over, and the children went into the dining-room, they found, with their papa and mamma, a gentleman they had never seen before. Little William hung down his head at the sight of a stranger, which made him look very foolish, and Lucy was rather inclined to look bashful; but, when she saw her brother Frederic shaking hands with the gentleman, and answering his questions properly, like a manly boy, she followed his good example; and, when the gentleman desired her to come to him, she went directly; and, when he desired to know if she could read, she spoke up, and said, "Yes, sir, I can read a little, but not very well:" and then he talked a great deal more to her, because he saw she was not a silly child; but, if she had gone into a corner, or to a window, without speaking, and hung down her head, put her fingers in her mouth, nipped her frock, or any other foolish action silly children are apt to do, the gentleman would not have taken any notice of her. Little William soon forgot his diffidence, when he found his brother and sister so kindly treated: he climbed up the gentleman's knee, and held up his mouth to kiss him. "That is a clever fellow, and a kind one," said the gentleman; "I perceive you and I shall be very good friends;—if I find you all as good children as you appear to be, I shall tell you a great many entertaining stories, about several curious things I have seen. The children looked with delight at each other; then at their papa and mamma; and then with wonder and delight at the stranger. "My dears," said their papa, "this gentleman is my particular friend, his name is Mr. Selby,—we were playfellows when we were as young as you are. The reason you have never seen him, is, because he has been many years travelling in foreign countries; and, when you deserve the favour, I dare say he will oblige you with recounting what he has seen and heard. Do, my dear sir, continue the account you were giving us of the volcano you visited in Sicily."—"Volcano! volcano!" repeated Frederic and

Lucy, with astonishment! "Pray, mamma, what is a volcano?" "A volcano," answered Mrs. Johnson, "is a mountain, with a large opening at the top, like the opening you have seen into coal-pits: this opening, you must remember, is called the *crater;* and out of it issue flames and smoke, for the mountain is on fire within, and burns with great violence. Sometimes great quantities of stones are thrown out of the mouth of the volcano; and melted stones, red-hot, run down the sides of the mountain, like streams of water; and whatever they touch they destroy: these melted stones are called *lava.* You must remember, the mouth or opening of the mountain is called its *crater*, and the melted matter that runs down its sides, *lava;* because, Mr. Selby will have frequent occasion to mention these names in giving his account, and, if you forget, you will not understand what he is talking about." The children were filled with amazement, for they had never heard of any thing so wonderful as a burning mountain. Mr. Selby, perceiving how much their attention was fixed, began to give them a description of the mountain he had visited.

MOUNT ETNA.

"I AGREED with a party of friends, (said Mr. Selby,) to visit the summit of this extraordinary mountain; but, as we were unacquainted with the roads, we were obliged to procure a guide. Etna is a mountain of such an immense size that you can form no idèa of it from any hill you have seen in this country. This mountain you must suppose divided into three circles, or, as they are called, *regions*: the first is named the rural region, because it is a pleasant country of corn-fields, vineyards, and orchards; the second is called the woody region, from the magnificent trees that adorn it; and the third is the barren region, from its being perpetually covered with snow;—but, the better to enable the children to understand these divisions of the mountain, I will draw an outline of it," added Mr. Selby, taking a pencil out of his pocket. Frederic and his sister both declared they could now easily imagine how the mountain was divided; but they thought it very wonderful that the region next the fire should be covered with snow. Lucy supposed the great heat of the flames would "soon have melted the snow all away." "Sometimes, I believe, it does in part," replied Mr. Selby, "for it has frequently happened that torrents of hot water have rushed down the mountain; but, I must proceed to tell you my journey. We soon passed through the rural, and entered the woody, region, where our admiration was called forth by the immense size of the trees, especially some most extraordinary chesnut-trees,—one, in particular, our guide pointed out, whose branches extended so wide, that it is reported a hundred horsemen could be sheltered under their shade! Our attention was also attracted by the number of beautiful plants, whose sweet flowers perfumed the air. Slowly we wandered through this delightful forest, unwilling to quit the examination of its beauties; but the setting sun reminded us we must seek a habitation for the night. No human dwelling being nigh, we were glad to make our abode in a large cave, which our guide told us was called the Goats' Cave, because these animals frequented it in bad weather: we had seen several goats skipping from point to point as we passed. We broke off some branches of oak to make a fire, and, after rubbing very hard two dry pieces together, they at length produced sparks of fire, and we soon had a comfortable blaze. We had brought with us a tea-kettle, tea, sugar, and bread; but in vain we looked for water, and were beginning to fear we should not be able to make tea, when we fortunately espied a large quantity of snow, heaped up in a corner of the cave;

with this we filled our tea-kettle, and made a comfortable supper. We then gathered the dry leaves of the oaks, (which were strewed before our cave,) to make our bed, and, being all greatly fatigued, we gladly laid down to rest; but our sleep was much interrupted by the terrific noises, that issued from the crater of the burning mountain, resembling loud thunder. Next morning, we again melted snow, and made our breakfast as we had done our supper. We had risen very early, and when we left the cavern the sun was not perceptible: the gloomy shades of the forest, the sullen noise from the mountain, (which was not so loud as at night,) and the dim view of the sea at a great distance below, made the scene at once awful and grand. Every one's mind was employed by his own thoughts, reflecting on the almighty power of the Creator; and we proceeded to the extremity of the forest in silence. When we entered the highest region, which, I before told you, was covered with snow, we were desired by our guide to step with great caution; as the melted snow frequently settled in pools, which were difficult to discover from the surface of the water, as well as the snow being covered with black ashes. The ascent over the ice and snow was steep and fatiguing, but we were not discouraged, and at length arrived at an ancient ruin, where we rested. From the beautiful clearness of the air, we observed the stars, which were yet shining, and appeared much larger than they did when we were at the foot of the mountain. We went yet a little higher, until we felt the warm air from the crater; but we did not approach the crater itself, for that is extremely dangerous, and many people have lost their lives by venturing too far. We were fully recompensed for the labour of ascending this high mountain, by the exceeding fine prospect which the height we had climbed enabled us to view. So much were we delighted, we scarcely could prevail on ourselves to leave the enchanting spot. We had not descended far, on our return, before I suffered greatly from my own heedlessness; for, without considering the ice on which we were treading, I thoughtlessly turned to speak to one of my friends, my foot slipped, and I fell with great violence: for some time I was in much agony, from the extreme pain in my ancle; but, as it was impossible to procure assistance, I was obliged to rise and limp on as well as I could, my friends kindly supporting me under each arm. At length we arrived at the cave where we had slept the night before. My friends prepared me a bed of leaves, and, when I had laid down on it, it was such a relief, I thought I had never lain on a bed so delightful. After a comfortable cup of tea, I fell into a sound sleep, and, when I awoke, I was much refreshed, but incapable of walking; from the swelling of my ancle; however, our guide soon procured me a horse, and we safely descended through the woody region to the bottom of the mountain. I had great reason to lament my carelessness, for my ancle became so painful and swelled, it prevented me from making any more excursions for a long time."

THE SPIDER.

THE next morning the children went with their mamma to visit the lark's nest. Little William made one of the party; and highly delighted was he to go, for he much wished to see the nest, and all the little nestlings.

The children jumped, and skipped, and sung, through the fields, until they came to that in which was the nest: when they had got within a few yards of it, each was careful to tread very softly, and not to make the least noise, lest they should disturb and frighten the poor little birds; but, notwithstanding all their care, the old birds, ever watchful for the safety of their young ones, were alarmed, and flew out, as they had done the day before. The children slowly approached, and, peeping into the nest, saw all the little family well, and as brisk as possible. They strewed the crumbs they had brought, round the nest, pleasing themselves with imagining how the parent birds would rejoice to find so much good food so near home; and then they left the nest, to pull some beautiful flowers, that grew in the meadow, and which had just attracted their notice.

Every one soon gathered a large bundle of wild flowers, for there were a great many different kinds in this field, and about the hedge-side; and, when their mamma saw they had got sufficient, she proposed going to a green bank which they saw at a little distance, to rest themselves, and examine the beauties of the flowers they had got. They all were very willing to do this, for, with running and jumping, they had nearly tired themselves. When they were seated, they began to open their nosegays, and Lucy shewed them some wound-wort, which she said she had at first greatly admired for its dark purple flowers, curiously dotted with very small white spots; but she found it had such a disagreeable smell, that she thought she had better throw it away; she was just going to do so, when she observed two of the leaves were curiously folded together; and, on opening one, she exclaimed, "Oh, mamma! Oh, Frederic! look what a beautiful, beautiful, spider!" It was, indeed, an extremely beautiful insect, having a pink back, lightly striped with brown, and a yellow belly; and its legs were so fine, that the whole party wished for a microscope, to enable them the better to discern their delicate form. Lucy saw that the leaf of the wound-wort had been closed by the spider's threads, which were joined to each side of the leaf, and then drawn together, so as to make the leaf into a three-cornered shape: there was a little round ball within the drawn-up leaf, woven also by the spider; and, when Lucy gently opened it with a pin, several very small balls rolled out: these, Mrs. Johnson informed them, were the spider's eggs, which she had thus carefully enclosed in the bag of her own spinning; and that these eggs would all, in time, become insects. The beautiful pink spider had, all this time, been running about in the greatest uneasiness, from one leaf to another; but they observed she never attempted to enter the opposite closed leaf, in which was another pink spider, like herself: all the children pitied her distress, and, to relieve it, Lucy laid the piece of wound-wort upon the stump of a tree they were standing near. When the poor spider found herself at liberty, she soon began to unite the torn sides of the bag in which her eggs had been wrapt: this she accomplished with much dexterity, and, when it was completely restored to its former shape, she began to fasten up the leaf, which she did by spinning a thread from one edge of the leaf to the other edge, and then drawing these threads tight, until they brought the edges of the leaf close together, over herself and the bag of eggs. When the children had fully gratified their curiosity, Lucy said she would run to the hedge-side, and lay the piece of wound-wort in it, that the pretty spiders might enjoy themselves at full liberty. Frederic and William said, they also would like to run to the hedge-side; and their mamma gave them leave to go, saying, she would sit on the bank until they came back. When they returned, they asked their mamma many questions, more indeed than she could answer, but she told them, when they could read alone, she would give them a book containing accounts of insects, from which they might learn a great deal; at the same time, she was perfectly willing to tell them all she knew. "Oh, pray do, mamma," cried Lucy: "I have often seen black spiders running about the walls of the house, and have seen Betty brushing away cobwebs, as she called them, which she complained the spiders were never done making; but I used not to mind them. I only thought spiders were very ugly creatures, but, if you tell me any thing curious about them, I will mind them when I go home."—"Indeed, my dear, they are well worth minding; and, if you had allowed a spider to run upon your hand, and had examined it narrowly, you would have seen it was far from ugly; and the cobwebs, which I suppose Betty thought it a trouble to dust away so frequently, are really very curious webs.

"When the house-spider begins to form her web, she usually chooses the corner either of a room or a staircase, because she can then more easily fix the thread across from one wall to the other; and, when she has got a sufficient number of threads laid one way, she begins to cross them the other way, until it is completely wove: when it is done, she conceals herself in a small hole, or cell, she had previously made at the corner of the nest. There is a kind of spider, who can make a cell, with a door to it, which she can shut or open whenever she pleases; and which perfectly secures her when she is likely to be disturbed by any larger insect. The spider weaves her web for a trap for flies, and very small insects, which are her food. When they alight upon the web, their slender legs are soon entangled in the crossed threads; and, while they are struggling to get loose, the spider darts from her concealment, ending at once their sufferings and existence, and then greedily devours her prey. There are other spiders, which inhabit fields and gardens. I dare say you have often observed the beauty of their webs, (which are quite differently formed from the house-spider's,) when they are covered early in the morning with dew, and sparkle in the sun's rays."—"Yes, indeed, both Lucy and I," answered Frederic, "have often admired those beautiful webs, and we have often seen long threads hanging from one tree to another, at great distances: were these also woven by the spiders?" "Yes, my dear: on those long threads, which the spiders weave, they transport themselves from one tree to another."—"But, mamma," said Lucy, "you said the house-spider's threads were crossed over one another; now, I never remember seeing any threads in one of these webs."—"That was, because they are so very fine," replied her mother, "and spun so close to each other: a spider's thread is considerably finer than a hair of your head; but in some countries there are spiders of much larger size than those we have in England, whose threads are a great deal stronger. A Frenchman once undertook to manufacture, that is, to prepare and spin, the webs into threads strong enough to be woven into stockings; and he actually did weave one pair of stockings, which were very beautiful, and were kept as a great curiosity; but, as the thread made from the web of the spider was not near so strong as that made from the web of the silk-worm, nothing more was attempted."—"Oh! silk-worms, mamma!" exclaimed Frederic; "I want to know a great deal about them?"—"But, my dear, you must at present be satisfied with what I have told you about spiders, for we have been a long time out, and must now hasten home, for I have several things to do before dinner. Now, you see what an advantage it would be, if you could read without assistance. I should then give you proper books, and you might read to your sister all you want to know; at present, you are entirely dependant on me for information, and, if business, sickness, or company, prevents my instructing you, you must remain ignorant of much useful and pleasant knowledge."

They walked quickly home, Frederic and Lucy declaring that they would take great pains to instruct themselves, that they might soon be able to read all the pleasing books their mamma promised them.

MR. SELBY'S SECOND VISIT.

A FEW days after, Mr. Selby paid his friend a second visit. The children were rejoiced to see him, and, as they ran to meet him, he enquired if they had all been very good. On their papa and mamma assuring him they had, Mr. Selby told them he had not forgotten his promise of gratifying them with accounts of his travels in different parts of the world; and, if it was agreeable to Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, he would stay all the afternoon with them, and relate what befell him in Africa. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson said, nothing could give them more pleasure, for they were as anxious as their children to learn every particular concerning their friend, during so long an abscence.

When they were all seated, Mr. Selby, addressing himself to Mr. Johnson, said, "You will recollect, I sailed from Sicily with the intention of proceeding to India; but, alas, it was long, and my sufferings were great, before I arrived there; for, after we had safely passed round the western side of Africa, a dreadful storm arose, and our ship became so leaky, that all our endeavours to save it were ineffectual. About midnight, the vessel filled so fast with water, that we knew she must sink; and, as the last resource, all who were on deck clung to the masts, or any loose piece of wood they could seize: I laid hold of a plank, which I grasped in an agony I cannot describe. We had no time to assist those who were below deck, for in an instant the ship sunk down, and I have no recollection of what further happened, until I felt myself violently thrown upon the beach by the force of the waves, on which the plank I held had floated. The shock I received was so great, that I soon fell again into a state of insensibility, from which I did not recover until the morning light shewed me the dreadful loss I had sustained. I looked around, and found myself alone: not one of my fellow voyagers had escaped. The sea was nearly calm, and not the smallest vestige marked the spot were our vessel had sunk. I reflected on the melancholy scene I had witnessed; and the acute feeling I experienced, from being thus separated from all my companions and friends, whom I dearly loved, was greater than I can express; but soon the consideration that the God who had, through life, sustained and now most wonderfully preserved me, could still provide me with subsistence, cheered my drooping spirits, and with a firm reliance upon his goodness and power, and with a thankful heart for the blessing of preservation, I rose to endeavour to seek some habitation where I might obtain relief. I was very weak, and found it a most painful effort to walk; but I knew that on this exertion my life depended. Fortunately, I had a large clasp-knife in my pocket, and with it I cut down a branch of a tree, which serving me as a stick, greatly assisted my feeble limbs. I dragged on a long, long way, but saw no human dwelling. The sun was beginning to sink, and my spirits sunk with it: what will become of me, thought I, if the darkness of night should prevent my proceeding: I must then perish with hunger and fatigue, for I felt so weak, that I was assured I could not long survive. Worn out, I sat down under a tree, and gazed on the setting sun; but, what was my joy, on turning from that object, to perceive, at a little distance, a negro woman coming towards me! I crawled to meet her: she looked at me with pity, and bade me, in the negro language, (which I happily understood,) to follow her. I did so, and we soon arrived at a hut, which, being shaded with trees, I could not before discover. I entered with her, and saw two other women, sitting by a lamp, spinning cotton. I told them all I had suffered, and, when they heard how long I had been without food, one of the women rose and went out, and soon returned with a very fine fish, which she presently broiled, and gave me to eat. They then kindly spread a mat for me on the floor, on which I laid down; and, when they thought me asleep, they began to sing. I listened to their voices, which were sweet, and I soon found that I was the subject of their song: the music of it was very plaintive, and the words I shall never forget. 'The poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree. He has no mother to bring him milk; no wife has he to grind his corn: let us pity the white man: no mother has he.' The kindness of these poor, but friendly, negroes, delighted and affected me. In the morning, I cut off the buttons of my coat, and presented them to them: they were all I had to offer. In return, they gave me a small bag filled with provisions, shewed me the road I must take to arrive at an European settlement, and assured me they would offer up prayers for my safety. My heart was so full, when I left them, my tears, rather than my words, expressed my gratitude. On my way, I reflected on the kind providence of God, who, at the very moment I was dreading I should perish with want, sent this benevolent negro to pity and relieve my distress."

CONTINUATION.

"I TRAVELLED," continued Mr. Selby, "until the day was far spent, when I was suddenly startled by the report of a gun. I looked round, but could perceive no one; however, as the sound somewhat alarmed me, I thought it best to climb a high tree, that was near, from whence I might discern the cause of the firing. I now saw, at a great distance, a party of black men firing at a lion, who was already wounded, and lying upon the grass. He appeared a very large and fierce animal; and, I was afterwards told, that the blacks, having once wounded him, had hopes they might be able to take him alive, convey him to a distance, and sell him to the Europeans, who would be glad of such a prize to send into their own country. With this view, they consulted together what was best to be done, and one of them proposed taking off the roof of a hut, (which, in their country, could easily be done, as the roofs are small, of a circular form, and simply made of a frame-work of bamboo, covered with thatch,) and throwing this roof over the lion, while he appeared in so helpless a state. This invention was much approved; and I saw them go to a neighbouring hut, strip off the thatch, and lift the bamboo frame upon their shoulders; but, before they returned, the lion had recovered his strength, and looked at them so fiercely, that they durst not approach him; and, to preserve themselves, were about to let the roof fall upon their own heads; when, alas, the lion made a violent spring, just at the moment the roof was lowered, and both the beast and his pursuers were enclosed in one fatal cage! I heard their screams with unutterable anguish; for it was entirely out of my power to assist them. I could only hasten from the dreadful scene, reflecting with horror on the dismal end of these poor negroes. Whilst commiserating them, I forgot the pains of my own suffering, though my feet were very sore, and my body covered with blisters, from the extreme heat of the sun.

"Presently I was surprised and delighted to hear some one call to me in broken English: I turned, and beheld a negro, dressed lightly, in European fashion. He told me, he had left his native country when a boy; and, after living several years in England, was now returning to his African friends. Observing me in an English dress, he conjectured I was a person in distress, as this was not a part of the coast for strangers to land upon. I told him his supposition was right, for only the day before I had suffered shipwreck, and I related to him all the sad particulars. The compassionate negro felt extremely for my destitute condition: he said, he would take me with him to his friends that night, and set me forward, in a right direction, next morning. 'I have received much kindness from the English,' said the grateful black; 'and to serve one of their countrymen in distress is now the only return I can make.' Just as he spoke, we turned into a little wood, at the further end of which was a village. 'There,' cried the black, joy sparkling in his eyes, 'there is my native village:' so saying, he began to play a lively air on a fife, somewhat resembling a flute, the sound of which brought out all the villagers; and, as the negro was expected, he was soon surrounded by his joyful relatives, and almost smothered by the affectionate embraces of his brothers and sisters: his mother was an aged woman, blind, and was led forth, leaning on a staff; every one made way for her, and she stretched out her hand to bless and welcome her son: she stroked his face and hands with tenderness, frequently declaring, her latter days were blessed by his return, and her ears cheered with the sound of his voice.

"While these good people were rejoicing, I sat down, unnoticed, in a corner, enjoying the sight of their transports: at length, the traveller turned to look for me. He informed his friends who I was, and for his sake they received me with kindness, but I could perceive with great astonishment, inclining to fear. They had never seen a white man before: when I moved, the women retreated a step, and the children scampered off in the greatest affright. However, as they saw

I was perfectly harmless, by degrees they became reconciled to my appearance, and cordially invited me to partake their friendly supper. Next morning, the Negroes kindly entreated me to stay all day, to recruit my wearied limbs; and I gladly accepted their invitation. In the afternoon of this day, I went with my host to a neighbouring hut. This hut was a curious habitation—for, it was so low, we had to creep in at the entrance on our hands and knees; and the furniture and people were crowded together like things in a closet. In the hut was an old man, a young woman, and several children: the old man was greatly delighted to see my friend, after so long an absence; but the woman and children were so alarmed at the uncommon appearance of a white man, that they crept softly to the entrance, and then dashed out with the swiftness of greyhounds.

"As we returned, I saw some people gathering the fruit of the lotus, which they call tomborrongs. These they dry, and beat small, and then mix with water into a paste, and form into thin cakes, which, when baked by the heat of the sun, taste exactly like the finest ginger-bread. The following morning, the blacks refilled my bag with provisions, and gave me the necessary directions for keeping the right road. Followed by the good wishes of this happy family, I again set out on my cheerless journey."

THE MOORS.

"When I had travelled about four miles," said Mr. Selby, "I was overtaken and stopped by a party of Moors on horseback. I dreaded the consequence of this meeting; for the Moors, who inhabit the same country as the Negroes, are of a very different disposition, being as gloomy and cruel as the Negroes are open and friendly. They insisted on my going with them, and I had no power of resisting. But, as they talked of carrying me before their king, I had great hopes he would be merciful, and perhaps aid me in returning to my own country: but in this I was grievously disappointed—their chief received me with a stern and savage look. He was seated in a large tent, surrounded by a great number of blacks. They were all much amazed at my dress; and some time was occupied in buttoning and unbuttoning my waistcoat.

"The Moors entertain great hatred to the Europeans; and, when I was conveyed to a hut for the night, I found it was surrounded with guards. Here they brought me a little boiled rice, and some milk. The night was sultry; and my spirits were so depressed, I found it impossible to sleep. At midnight, the door of my hut was slowly opened: I was greatly alarmed; but my fears were soon dissipated, when, by the light of the moon, I saw a Negro, whom I had noticed observing me in the chief's tent with looks of great compassion. He told me he was come to enable me to make my escape; for he knew the Moors

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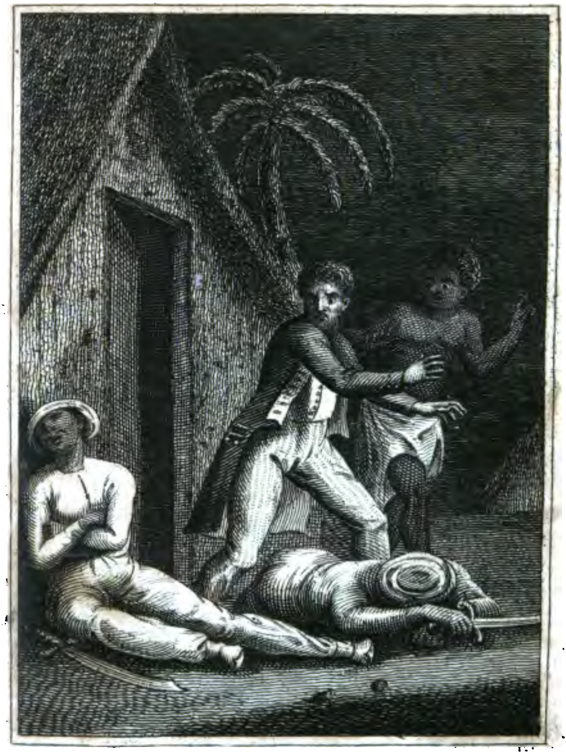

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were ill inclined towards me, and no time was to be lost,—the present was the only moment.—To-morrow, I might be led to execution! He shewed me four Moors asleep at the door of my hut,—'Over these, you must step softly,' said he; 'if one awakes, your life and mine must pay the forfeit.' I silently did as the friendly Negro directed: we passed the Moors safely, and stopped not until we got beyond the town. I would then have thanked my guide, but he would not hear me. 'I must hasten, or I may be missed,' said he; 'only remember, when, in your own country, you see a poor black in distress, to return him this service.' He ran off too quickly for reply, I could only pray that the blessing of God might follow and reward him. I then made haste to reach the desert, that I might hide myself in case of pursuit. The events of the last twenty-four hours appeared to me like a dream; but I had not time for dwelling on reflection. I hurried on, until the heat of noon made me ready to faint. In the hope of seeing some distant hut or village, I climbed a high tree; but, alas! the view only extended over vast thickets of underwood, and hillocks of white sand. Obliged to continue walking, or perish in the desert, I dragged my aching limbs along, until evening, when suddenly a black cloud darkened the sky, and flashes of lightning gave me hopes of rain: rain—which, in my present state, would have been such a relief. Expecting the shower, I opened my mouth, to catch the refreshing drops; but, in an instant, I was covered with a cloud of white sand, driven with so much force by the wind, as to give no small pain to my face and limbs. The sand continued to fly, in amazing quantities, for about an hour; and I was obliged to sit under the shelter of a bank, to prevent myself being suffocated. After this, however, the lightning again began to flash, and soon I felt the heavy drops on my face. As my clothes wetted, I sucked them, and thus relieved my thirst. Presently I heard the croaking of frogs, which convinced me that water was near: I followed the sound, and came to a pond, where the frogs were so numerous, that it was difficult to perceive the water, and still more difficult to drink. Here I resolved to spend the remainder of the night,—being too much exhausted to proceed; but, fearing I might fall asleep, in a situation where wild beasts might attack me, I got up into a tree, and, fastening myself by my clothes as well as I could, endeavoured to sleep. In the morning, I awoke much refreshed,—and what was my joy, to find the tree I had climbed, a date-tree! My heart swelled with gratitude to the Almighty, for thus furnishing me so unexpectedly with food. After satisfying myself, I filled my pockets with dates, descended the tree, and once more resumed my perilous journey.

"As I went along, I spied a large red lion reposing in a thicket. You may imagine that I was dreadfully afraid; but, probably, he was already glutted, for he suffered me quietly to pass. I soon after arrived at a river, which several blacks were crossing on a curious bridge.

This bridge was formed by bending down to the water's edge some of the huge tall trees, which grow on its banks opposite each other, and tying their extremities together, and then laying across these trees planks, on which the people and their cattle can safely pass. Some of these Negroes regarded me with great compassion, and offered to conduct me to a town, to which themselves were going, and where, they assured me, I would be well received by a black woman, who had lived a long time in 'white man's country,' and held them in high respect. I was truly glad to hear I was so near relief. Before night, we arrived at the town; and I was taken to the black woman's, who lived in a house built somewhat like our own. She treated me with the greatest kindness; gave me clean linen, and every refreshment that I was in need of; and told me, that I was welcome to remain in her house until an English vessel should arrive at a neighbouring port, where they generally stopped to take in provisions. It was not long before one arrived, bound for India, whither I wished to go. I was, fortunately, known to the captain of the ship, and he enabled me amply to repay the value of what I had received from the good black woman: *her kindness* I could only return with gratitude,—and we parted with mutual expressions of regard and esteem, and with prayers for each other's welfare. I went on-board the English ship, which presently proceeded on her voyage; but, what happened to me further, I must reserve for another evening's amusement."

OBSERVATIONS.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson warmly thanked their friend for the pleasure his relation had afforded them; but the children felt sorry when Mr. Selby finished the recital of his African adventures. However, they anticipated with great delight the enjoyment of some future evening, when they should again hear about foreign countries; and they felt very grateful for the entertainment they had already enjoyed. Both Frederic and Lucy wished extremely to ask several questions, about things Mr. Selby had mentioned, which they did not quite understand, but they felt afraid of being troublesome; and, for some time, they sat silent,—till, at last, Lucy, remembering her mamma had frequently told her, it was right to desire explanations of what she did not understand, from some person older and wiser than herself,—for, if she did not, she would always remain as ignorant as if she had heard nothing at all; and that no-body would consider such enquiries troublesome, if she only took care not to make them when she saw the person, to whom she applied, engaged either in reading, writing, or otherwise particularly employed;—Lucy, recollecting all this, and seeing her mamma was not talking, begged (in rather a low voice,) she would tell her something "about *that* place Mr. Selby called a *desert*; and why there were no houses, nor people in it."

"The desert, my dear," replied Mrs. Johnson, "is so called from its want of vegetation, occasioned by the extreme heat of the sun. A desert is a vast plain, like the moor, or common, where you often walk, only a great, very great deal larger; and, instead of grass, it is covered with sand, which becomes so heated in this hot part of the world, that nothing can grow in it: of course there is no inhabitants; and there is scarcely any water. In that part of Africa where Mr. Selby was, the sand is frequently so heated that the naked foot cannot be set down without feeling much pain; and even the Negroes, who are natives, and can therefore bear this heat much better than the Europeans, (who are brought up in a climate much colder,) cannot walk, without putting on shoes; besides, in these deserts, violent storms of wind often arise, and raise vast quantities of this hot sand into the air; the effects of which, you have already heard Mr. Selby describe." "But, mamma," interrupted Frederic, "Mr. Selby mentioned thickets of underwood,—and you know he said he climbed a date-tree, and eat dates off it; and you just now told us nothing grew in the desert." —"If you had waited a little, my dear, I should have explained to you how that was. The interior, or middle of the desert, is entirely destitute of trees or plants; but, towards the extremities, or outer parts, the air not being quite so hot, and water more plentiful, trees and shrubs are found: and the thickets of brushwood, which Mr. Selby spoke of, afford shelter to wild beasts, none of whom can live in the interior part of the desert. The camel is the only animal that can endure the heat and want of water in the desert. To-morrow I will read you a short account of the camel,—to-night we have not time, as it draws near your bed-hour."—"But do, pray, if you please, mamma," said Frederic, "tell me what Mr. Selby meant by European settlement;—don't you remember, he said, he wished to reach an European settlement? I did not know what he meant, so I thought I would ask you, when he had finished telling us his story."—"You are very right in so doing," replied his mamma; "I will explain it to you with pleasure. You already know that the world is divided into four parts or quarters,—Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; well then, when a number of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, or inhabitants of any other European country, determine upon leaving their own place of abode, to live in any other quarter of the world, wherever they fix their dwelling, (suppose in Africa,) the houses they build, and their manner of living, being different from the native inhabitants, (the Africans,) cause them to live separately; and thus the towns they build obtain the name of European Settlement, or place where the Europeans have settled, or fixed their abode. Do you understand this explanation?" Lucy and her brother assured their mamma they did.—"Then," said she, "have you any more questions to ask?"—William said, he would like much to know what kind of fruit a date was?—"The date, my dear, is about the size of a walnut, of a very agreeable taste, and forms a considerable part of the food in warm countries, where fruit is particularly refreshing. The leaves of the tree are very long,—some of them almost three yards in length. Of these leaves are made baskets and bags, and the tough fibres of the leaves are spun into ropes, of considerable strength. The wood, both of the stem and branches, is of great use in building; and even the kernel of the nut, which is extremely hard, is ground in mills, and given to camels, when better food cannot be got. I should have told you, these large leaves grow all at the top of the tree, forming a circle, (very beautiful,) somewhat like an umbrella spread out. But we must not talk longer to-night, for here is Jane come to assist you to bed. Good night: may God bless you all, my dear children."

THE CAMEL.

THE next morning being uncommonly fine, Mrs. Johnson told the children she would take her work, and sit in the garden, while they should rake and weed some of the flower-beds. Lucy and Frederic were very good gardeners: on summer-mornings, they got up very early, and dressed the flower-beds before breakfast,—tying up all the flowers that needed support to neat white sticks, and keeping the beds so nice, that not a weed was to be seen. In autumn, their employment was to pick up all the withered leaves and branches that fell upon the beds and gravel-walks. Many people used to admire the neatness of Mrs. Johnson's garden;

and then she felt such pleasure in telling them it was all owing to her own children's care, while they were quite delighted with their mother's kind approbation. In spring, Mr. Johnson himself used to assist in digging the garden, as Frederic and Lucy had not strength to do that properly; and, at such times, he shewed them how to plant all kinds of seeds, and instructed them how to raise delicate plants and vegetables. While Mrs. Johnson was putting on her bonnet, Lucy stood on tip-toe, and whispered in her ear, "The camel, mamma."—"Ah, that is true, my dear, I promised to read you an account of the camel, and I will be as good as my word: go into the garden, and when I have got the book I will follow you." The children thanked their good mamma, and ran off as fast as possible. Mrs. Johnson soon followed; and, when they were all seated in the garden-chair, that was placed beneath the shade of a large beach-tree, she began to read an account of the camel.

"The camel is the most valuable of all animals in that part of the world it inhabits: it is the only animal than can endure the extreme heat and want of water, in the dry and burning sands of Africa and Asia. Although the form of the camel appears clumsy, it is most admirably adapted, both for its own comfort, and for rendering it useful to man. Its feet are covered with a strong, thick, loose, skin, which easily gives way to any roughnesses on the road, and equally prevents the foot from being hurt by sharp stones, or from being injured by the heat of the sand. It has likewise a large bag, (or stomach, as it is properly called,) in which it stores a quantity of water, sufficient to prevent the necessity of drinking for several days. It sometimes happens, that, when travellers are very long without finding water in the desert, and are almost dying for want of it, they are obliged to kill a camel, and relieve themselves with the water contained in its stomach. The bunches on its back, and its great strength, enable it to convey much greater burthens than the horse. It kneels to be loaded and unloaded, which is very conducive to the convenience of the person appointed to place the burthen,—for its great height would otherwise render it very awkward to fasten any thing upon its back. The camel is so patient and docile, that it will do any thing if well treated;

but, if beaten, or ill used, it rages violently, and will, in its fury, tear its master to pieces, if he unfortunately comes in its way.

" The camel resembles the ass in being content with the poorest food: it even prefers prickly and thorny plants to softer vegetables, and yet, like the cow, yields excellent milk. The camel forms the wealth of the Arab, (or inhabitant of Arabia in Asia,) for its milk is the support of an Arab family; and the flesh of the young camel affords much nourishment. Its hair is considerably finer than sheep's wool, and it is woven into various articles of dress and furniture. The fine hair-pencils people use in drawing are made of camels' hair; even its dung is useful,—for, in the deserts, where wood is as scarce as water, the dung, mixed with straw, serves the Arab for firing,—burning with a strong clear flame."

Here ended the account of the camel.—"Now," said Mrs. Johnson, "if you are pleased with knowing the character of the valuable camel, what a great deal of pleasure you may yet attain; for, when you can read well, and are able to learn geography, I intend you shall read books of travels at the same time; and thus you will become acquainted with many curious and interesting particulars, concerning the qualities of animals, the productions of the earth, and the habits and customs of the many different nations who inhabit the various countries of the world, which you see delineated on the map."

THE VISIT.

IN the afternoon of this day, the children enjoyed a great treat: they had been some time invited to spend an afternoon at a mill, about a mile distant. The miller had lately married Mary, a servant who had lived a long time with Mrs. Johnson, and was very much attached to her and her children;—the children were as fond of Mary as she was of them, and they wished much to pay her a visit. The day being very fine, their mamma told them, if they made haste, and got all their lessons done soon and well, she would take them, in the afternoon, to the mill; and she sent a servant to ask Mary if it would be quite convenient for them to receive her and the children. Mary Atkins returned answer,—that she would be delighted to see them all; and, accordingly, immediately after dinner, they set out for the mill. They found Atkins and his wife seated on a bench at the door, as clean and neat as possible. As soon as Mary saw her young favourites, she laid down her knitting, and ran to meet them. She kissed them again and again, and assured Mrs. Johnson she had given her great pleasure, by coming to visit her little dwelling.

When they entered the cottage, which joined the mill, they were delighted with its nice appearance. A large oak table, and the seat of the window, were rubbed as bright as a looking-glass; and on the hearth stood a large jar, filled with roses and woodbines, which perfumed the room most delightfully. They also perceived another pleasant smell, different from the scent of the rose. Mary Atkins presently shewed what occasioned this agreeable smell,—and, as soon as they were seated, she opened a neat little corner-cupboard, and produced a large dish of strawberries, saying, she had just gathered them out of her little garden, hoping her mistress (as she still called Mrs. Johnson) and the children would find them refreshing after their walk, such a hot day. She then drew a table before them, and placed the strawberries on it, and a jug full of nice cream, a bason of sugar, and some plates and tea-spoons. The strawberries were a most delicious treat,—and Mary's kindness made it still more grateful. When they had made an end of the strawberries, Mr. Atkins requested Mrs. Johnson would allow the children to go with him to the mill, assuring her he would take all proper care of them, and saying, he was sure they would be gratified with the sight of the mill. Mrs. Johnson very readily consented to let the children go, but she charged them to mind all Mr. Atkins said to them, observing, that a mill was rather a dangerous place, if people were not careful to avoid the wheels, which turn round with great force. She had heard of many sad accidents happening to children and heedless persons, in consequence of want of proper care and attention. The children promised to attend strictly to Mr. Atkins; and he said his man should take charge of Frederic, and he would take care of Lucy. Mrs. Johnson knew that her children always kept their promises: therefore, when they said they would attend strictly to Mr. Atkins, she felt quite satisfied; and told them she would not go with them, as she had seen a mill several times, and now wanted to talk to Mary about some spinning. The mill was a water-mill; and the children were astonished to see the great wheel, which was turned by the force of water, cause so many more wheels to turn, and put the whole work in motion. They saw, first, how a sack of corn was drawn up by a rope, until it was raised over a square box, called a hopper; this box had a round hole in the bottom, and a small pipe, similar to a funnel, through which the corn gradually fell between two large, flat, heavy stones, which, being turned round very quickly, bruised the grains of corn into a fine powder; and, when it became a powder, it again fell, through a hole in the middle of the lower stone, into another large box. This manner of grinding corn into flour, the miller told them, was repeated, until as many sacks of corn was ground as he wanted done at one time. Afterwards, they saw the flour was carried to another long round box, placed slanting; but, instead of this being made of wood, it was made of fine wire-work. The use of this wire box was to separate the bran from the flour: for, as this box turned round, the flour fell through the wire, and the bran was left in the box; but the box being placed aslant, the bran did not remain in it, but passed off at the further end.

When their curiosity was fully satisfied, they returned to the cottage, and related to their mamma what they had seen. But Lucy said, though Mr. Atkins had been very obliging in telling them a great deal about the parts of the mill, yet neither her brother, nor herself, could well understand him, there was such a noise from the many wheels turning round at once. However, Mrs. Johnson said she would, next morning, shew them a drawing of the machinery of a mill,—and, as they had now been through one, they would soon learn to know the different parts; and she would assist them to acquire a knowledge of the use of every part: and she also told them, that, when they were a little older, and could understand something about machinery, she would take them to see a paper-mill, where paper is made; and a spinning-mill, where cotton is spun.

During the time the children were telling their mamma all they had seen, Mary Atkins was busy in the kitchen preparing tea; and, when she brought it in, they saw she had provided nice knead-cakes, and excellent milk, warm from the cow: for Frederic and Lucy, there was also a plate of honey; and Frederic and his sister were almost as much pleased with the examination of a piece of the comb as with the delicious taste of the honey.

After tea, they went into Mary's garden, which was stocked with pease, and beans, and cabbages, and bordered round with a variety of flowers. Mary pulled them a nice nosegay; and desired them to gather a basket full of ripe gooseberries, to carry home for Master William. She then shewed them the bee-hive; but all the bees were done work, and at rest. They were next shewn the poultry; and Atkins told them the ducks and pigs were fed with the bran which came from the flour, mixed with milk. They saw the ducks swimming about very happy in the mill-stream; and, when they returned to the cottage, Mary shewed them several large flitches of bacon. She told them the flesh of pigs, salted and dried, was called bacon; and that, in summer, they eat it with pease or beans, and in winter, (when these vegetables are not to be had,) with eggs,—and that they dined off it almost every day.

Mrs. Johnson and her children thanked Mary and her husband for their great civility and kindness. It was now time for them to return home. Mary was very sorry to part with her young guests; and would insist on filling a small jar with honey, for the children to take home, as they were so fond of it. The children thanked, and kissed, and bid her good night, at least twenty times; at length they departed with their mamma,—Frederic carrying the pot of honey, tied up in his pocket-handkerchief, and Lucy, the little basket of gooseberries. All the way home, they talked in admiration of Mary's kindness. "You see, my dears, how pleasant an obliging disposition is. Mary, whilst with me, was always an obliging servant, and thereby she gained my regard and esteem. If she had not been obliging, she would not have taken the trouble of gathering the strawberries, nor making the cake, or of telling or shewing us all she did; but an obliging disposition prevents any thing being thought a trouble, which can contribute to the pleasure or comfort of others. An obliging temper makes its possessors happy, and bestows happiness wherever it extends."

MR. SELBY'S THIRD VISIT.

THE next time Mr. Selby made a visit, Mr. Johnson was out, but Mrs. Johnson was at home with her children.

As soon as the children saw Mr. Selby, they clung round him, eagerly reminding him of his promise of telling them about his voyage to India. "Hey-day!" exclaimed Mr. Selby, "what a pair of impatient little rogues have I to deal with! Pray, Squire Hasty, let me lay down my hat, and drink a glass of water,—you do not consider I have had a long walk." Lucy felt somewhat ashamed at thus considering her own gratification before another person's; and, recollecting what her mamma had the night before said, about being habitually obliging, she ran down to the dining-room, and brought up what remained of the basket of gooseberries they had gathered in Mary's garden. Mr. Selby was much pleased with Lucy's attention: he ate the gooseberries, telling her they were very refreshing,—the warmth of the afternoon, and the dust of the road, had made him extremely thirsty. Lucy was quite glad she thought of the gooseberries: her mamma looked pleased with her, and she felt ten times happier than if she had ate them herself. "Come," said Mr. Selby, "I find you are very worthy to-day of all the entertainment I can give,—come, sit down by me and listen." The children brought their little seats, and placed them on each side of Mr. Selby's chair. Mrs. Johnson drew her work from the work-basket; and, when all were seated, their kind friend began.—"You may remember, my dears, I left the African coast in a ship going to India. We had a very favourable passage, and were not long in arriving at the Bay of Bengal; (but, I think, if your mamma can give me a map, I had better point out to you where the Bay of Bengal is, and also all the places I visited.)"—"I will get you a map, with pleasure," replied Mrs. Johnson; and she presently brought one which was kept in an adjoining room. Mr. Selby then shewed them all the places the vessel had passed in going from Africa to India; and he shewed them in what part of India Bengal is situated, and where its chief wn, Calcutta, stands, whither he was going. Frederic and Lucy were much pleased with his tracing on the map the course of the ship from Africa to India: they declared it made them understand much easier about the places Mr. Selby had seen; and he, finding them so much pleased, said, that after tea he would point out to them, on the map, the whole of his route from England. The children heartily thanked him,—and he continued his account. "After being landed on the Bengal coast, I proceeded immediately to Calcutta. The business I had there to manage kept me close within doors; so I had little opportunity of seeing much of this large town, though I had several friends at Calcutta; for there are great numbers of English at that place, it being an European settlement."—"Pray, my dears," interrupted Mrs. Johnson, "do you recollect my explanation of an European settlement?"—"O yes! that we do," exclaimed Frederic and his sister, both at once.—"I am glad you do, my loves; it is a great pleasure to me to find you remember my instructions." Mr. Selby continued—"The beautiful fine muslins which are made in India are brought to Calcutta, and from thence sent, in ships, to various parts of Europe." At this moment, Mr. Selby was called out of the room, to send an answer to a gentleman, who desired his company on business of importance. When he returned to the parlour, he told Mrs. Johnson he was sorry that he must leave her to attend the gentleman: "however," added he, "I have yet an hour to devote to my young friend's service."—"Then I will order tea, immediately," said Mrs. Johnson, ringing the bell.—"Thank you," replied Mr. Selby; "and, while we are drinking it, I will relate to you a melancholy account I received, from one of my Calcutta friends, of a most dreadful event that had taken place some time before my arrival. One of the native chiefs of India was displeased with the Europeans, and made war on them; being more powerful than they, he destroyed their houses in Calcutta, and took a great number of them prisoners. Several of these prisoners were put together into a small dismal dungeon, where they had hardly room to move, and which was only lighted by two narrow windows, strongly barred with iron. The air is excessively hot in Bengal: and these poor men had scarcely been a few minutes in this close confinement, before they fell into a violent perspiration, that weakened them exceedingly—they tried to gain a little relief by stripping off their clothes, and fanning themselves with their hats; but some of them became so weak, they fell down, and were suffocated. The violent heat, and want of air, presently brought on an intolerable thirst, and difficulty of breathing: those who were strong enough then tried to break open the door of their dungeon; but all their efforts were in vain, it was too well secured. They were then in such agony that they implored the soldiers, who were outside, to fire on them through the grated windows, that death might release them from the pains they were suffering. This the soldiers durst not do: they had no orders to kill these wretched sufferers, several of whom quite lost their reason, and became mad, through distress; while all who were able, vehemently cried out for water, water!' The soldiers brought them some water, but in such small quantities, it only encreased their desire for more. It was eight o'clock in the evening when these distressed men were put in the prison,—before eleven, which was only three hours after, many of them were dead, in consequence of their dreadful sufferings!

Among those who survived, one gentleman kept his mouth moist, by sucking the perspiration from his shirt sleeves, and catching the heavy drops as they fell, like rain, from his face. A disgusting smell presently arose from the dead bodies; which, from the heat, soon became very offensive, and the cry for water was again changed into an earnest request for air. About two in the morning, they crowded so much to the windows, that many died standing, unable to fall by the throng and pressure around them. When day-light appeared, the Indian chief, who had been informed of their dreadful situation, sent an order for their release; but, of all the great number who were crammed into this frightful prison, only six came out alive! and these were in a sad condition."

During this melancholy recital, both Mrs. Johnson and her children felt so much affected with sorrow for the severe fate of these unfortunate Englishmen, that Mr. Selby had ceased speaking some time before any one broke silence. At length, Mrs. Johnson told Mr. Selby she had heard of another dreadful calamity happening in Calcutta; and enquired, whether the particulars of a famine, she understood had raged there, was really so grievous was represented.—"Alas!" replied Mr. Selby, "that account was but too true. I was myself a witness of the misery it occasioned: for I was in Calcutta at the time, and I was about to tell you I left Bengal in consequence. For many months, there had been no rain, which caused the harvest entirely to fail. When the scarcity began, the rich people distributed their own stock of rice among the poor; but, when that was all gone, then many thousands died with hunger, while wandering in a vain search for food, lost in streets and fields; and shocking it was to see dogs and vultures feed on the dead bodies of our fellow creatures. Many persons were daily employed in throwing the dead into the river. This made the water, as well as the air, become corrupt; so that the fish could not be eaten without danger. Glad was I to have an opportunity of leaving a country, where I had not the power of assisting the wretched, and where my own life was also hourly in hazard. Now," added Mr. Selby, looking at his watch, "it is time for me to keep my appointment."

THE BEES.

NEXT day, at tea, as the children were eating some of the honey Mary Atkins had given them, the curious appearance of the honey-comb induced them to ask their mamma a great many questions about bees. They knew how honey and wax were obtained and preserved by bees, from reading Miss Edgeworth's book about Little Frank, but they wanted to know a great deal more; for they had heard their papa once talking with a gentleman about the economy of bees, and they did not know what was meant by *economy of bees.* Mrs. Johnson told them, what was called " 'the economy of bees' signified their admirable management of their work, and disposal of themselves into little parties, the better to accomplish it; and also their submitting to be directed by one bee, whom we distinguish by the name of Queen-bee, from her commanding the whole hive. This single bee, while young, is fed by the other bees, with the best of the honey; and they make her a cell three times as large as the cells of the common working bee. The industry and activity of bees is truly wonderful! not one in the whole hive is unemployed: some are engaged in gathering honey and wax; others in rebuilding rotten cells; some keep guard at the entrance of the hive, to prevent other insects going in; some are employed in carrying out the dead, —for, when one bee dies, the other bees will not allow the dead body to remain in the hive: they drag it to the entrance, and then throw it over the stone on which the hive is placed. If the dead bee be a very large one, and too heavy for the little labourers to drag, they cover him over entirely with wax, so that no remains of him can be seen. They keep the hive beautifully neat and clean. It is said, by people who have taken great notice of bees, that, when they begin to work, which is as soon as warm weather has covered the fields with verdure, and the trees and shrubs with sweet flowers, they divide themselves into four companies; one of which roves the fields in search of farina, to make wax; another is employed in laying out the bottoms and partitions of the cells; a third party in smoothing off all the rough corners; and the fourth, in collecting and bringing food for the support of all the rest. Sometimes they relieve one another, by changing their employments. I have been told some very curious proofs of the attachment of bees to their queen, by a gentleman, whom I was acquainted with, who was so fond of these wonderful insects, as to pay very particular attention to all their movements. He assured me, that bees were not inclined to sting, unless offended,—and that, if a person, when bees are buzzing round him, would only stand quite still, he would not be hurt; but people generally attempt to drive them away, which irritates them to sting. This gentleman had become so familiar with bees, that he oftentimes amused his friends with shewing them how he could cause the whole swarm to follow him, by carrying off the queen-bee. To accomplish this, he used to turn up the hive, and give a few taps on the bottom and sides, when the queen speedily appeared, apparently to learn the reason of the alarm: being accustomed to see her so often, he readily distinguished her at the first glance; and practice had enabled him to seize her with so much caution and tenderness, as neither to hurt, nor excite that degree of resentment which would have tempted her to sting. He then returned the hive to its place, and kept the queen-bee in his hand, until all the other bees, missing her, left the hive in the utmost confusion, to seek their mistress. When the bees were thus distressed, my friend used to place the queen wherever he wished them to settle: the moment a few of them discovered her, they gave notice to the rest, and all presently collected round her, and seemed so happy in the recovery of their beloved sovereign, that they would remain, for some time, perfectly quiet, on the spot where they found her.

Bees have many enemies, both amongst insects and animals. The fox is a dangerous enemy in winter, as his strength enables him soon to get an entrance into the hive, when he presently devours the honey. Mice, bats, and birds, are equally destructive; and toads and frogs will often place themselves at the opening of the hive, and seize the bees as they pass. Even spiders destroy many bees, by spreading their webs near the hive. Another kind of insect is so artful, as to conceal itself in the corolla of flowers, and, when a bee comes to sip the nectareous juice of the flower, this insect darts out of its hiding place, and devours the poor unsuspecting bee. Bees are also destroyed by their own quarrels: for, during a long winter, should the inhabitants of one hive fall short of provisions, they will leave home, and attack another hive. Sometimes it happens, that a queen is killed in this contest, and then both swarms unite under the sovereign queen, and enter the hive together, like good friends."—" Mamma!" interrupted Lucy, " is that large beautiful bee, we have often observed in the fields, and which I have heard boys call a bumble-bee, a queen-bee?"—" No, my dear, that is another species. The bee I have been describing is called the domestic bee, because it lives near man, and is indebted to him for its habitation and provision in winter, when there are no flowers to furnish them. It is true we should not need to supply them with winter-food, did we not plunder their own store. All insects, as well as animals, which do not endure well the winter's cold, are endowed by Nature with a sufficient instinct to lay up for themselves provisions enough to serve them from autumn until the succeeding spring. The bee you have heard called the bumble-bee, is properly the humble or humming-bee, so called from its constant humming noise. It forms one of the wild tribes; and, of these wild tribes, some are highly curious. They are distinguished by their manners, the formation of their nests, and many other particulars.

Some are called leaf-cutters, from their curious manner of cutting the leaves of trees, chiefly the rose-tree, into pieces of an exact size, to form little cells, in which to deposit their eggs. These bees are very injurious to large trees; for they work holes in the solid timber in a surprising manner, sometimes a foot deep. Within the little *leaves of leaves*, the bee deposits a sufficient quantity of honey, to supply the future young with subsistence, until it is able to seek food for itself. There are other kinds which form similar cavities in the earth, for cells for their young. Some of these bees line their cells with fine down; others, with the beautiful leaves of the rose, whence they obtain the appellation of tapestry-bees. Another species are called mason-bees, from their building their nests in a very extraordinary manner, in a warm sheltered corner of a house-wall, generally under the projection of the roof, which serves as a covering for the nest. When this active insect has found a suitable place for her nest, she begins by looking out for sand proper for her building: this sand she picks up grain by grain, cementing it into a little ball with saliva; then, taking this little ball in her mouth, she transports it to the place she has fixed upon for her nest, and there forms it into cells, about the size, and nearly the shape, of a thimble. When each cell is finished, the little mason deposits in it a store of farina, mixed with honey, for the sustenance of the future bee. When all the cells are finished, and the eggs laid in each, the bee proceeds to close up all the empty spaces between the cells, and then covers the whole with coarser grains of sand, until it becomes a mass so solid, it is difficult to separate it from the wall, even with a knife." Here Mrs. Johnson ceased speaking. The children expressed themselves much obliged to their mamma, and were highly entertained with what they had heard. Frederic said, he thought it would be far better to seek bees' nests than birds' nests, as he saw many boys do; for then their curiosity would be gratified, without causing pain to any creature,—and the delight of finding such a curious nest would be a sufficient recompense for the trouble of seeking it. His mother perfectly agreed with him: and, during their evening walk, they continued to talk a great deal more about bees.

THE END.

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